# LAUD

## STORM CENTER OF STUART ENGLAND

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England

# LAUD

## *Storm Center of Stuart England*

BOOKS BY

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

POEMS

Christchurch

Dew and Bronze

Golden Falcon

ESSAYS

Book of Crowns and Cottages

An Attic Room

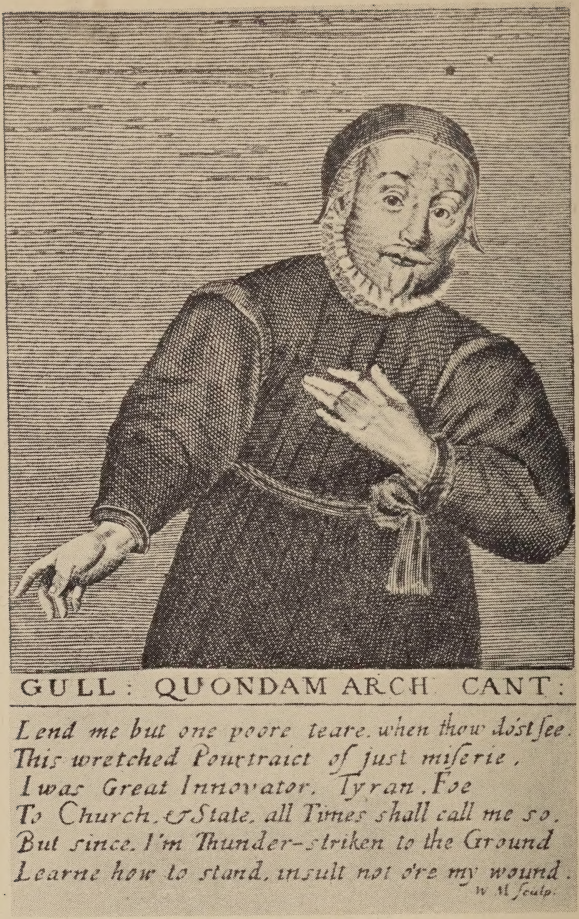
TEXT

A Book of Seventeenth-Century Prose

*(With A. M. Witherspoon)*

BIOGRAPHY

Laud : Storm Center of Stuart England



GULL: QUONDAM ARCH CANT:

*Lend me but one poore teare. when thow dost ſee.*
*This wretched Pourtraict of just miſerie,*
*I was Great Innovator. Tyran. Foe*
*To Church. & State. all Times shall call me so.*
*But since. I'm Thunder-striken to the Ground*
*Learne how to stand. insult not o're my wound.*

The Thunderstruck Laud, by W. Marshall

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# LAUD

## STORM CENTER OF STUART ENGLAND

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

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*To*

THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES OF
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# LAUD

## *Storm Center of Stuart England*

## *Chapter I*

## THE TIMES

STUART England was an England of as brilliant sunshine as the world has seen. But that sunshine was full of the electricity that portends the thunder. Elizabeth's day had whistled in its silks and glittered in its brocades; but the men and women who resembled butterflies in their minds as in their clothes then had gone up and down the land and out over the seas with something like the stamp of a national approval upon them. Now it was different. Since Scottish Mary's son had ascended the throne of Gloriana, the men and women who shone in London and out along the roads in the pageants of royalty did their shining with something of the gaiety of people on a fine ship that is about to go down.

It was an easy and graceful thing to have rhetoric upon the tongue, the honey of wit and the spice of epigram, when all the world was a sort of glorified university of eloquence and elegant attitudes; when the poet could write of life as the process simply of becoming wealthy in mind and purse, and have his actors

"fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings,"

conjure the unseen powers of the air to create new Helens of Troy,

"Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love;
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury."

To a man like Raleigh, another hemisphere added to the world meant so much gold. To such a poet as Shakespeare, the new tropic islands were archipelagos of poesy where Ariel could preen his rainbowed wings and Caliban sprawl like a beneficent vine; in such places as these even the bones of shipwrecked sailors turned to precious, shining stones. The discovery of the Greek authors to Sidney meant new acres added to Arcady; Plato, a new chapter in the *Book of Love*. National progress to Essex was another name for a list of captured treasure-towns. John Smith half expected to find the New World beaches strewn with powdered gold; brooks were to roll down pearls in place of pebbles. Marlowe expected the same rich spoils from the newly opened empires of the mind. The mariners who shook out their beards like banners to the four winds of heaven as they threaded their high prows between the icebergs beyond Newfoundland were after a short cut to the Indies and riches. And the poets who followed them with purple words and swollen, bombastic phrases were their brothers in blood. And the entire nation looked on and applauded, whether the stage were the Spanish Main or the platform of the *Swan* or the *Globe*.

For England was, in Elizabeth's day, a small boy on the threshold of a world suddenly grown rich. Doors never suspected had opened in the walls of the universe. Unbelievable treasure lay in the new rooms. Poets as well as merchants knew it. Business was good, whether in fabrics or philosophy. The public was buying. All classes went to the theatre. Every tradesman's son was a potential Castiglione. Scholars who had gone in mediaeval black should go in colours,

> "I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
> Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad."

Butchers' assistants were reading Ovid and Plutarch. A bricklayer's apprentice was reading himself into Aristophanes and the Roman historians, preparing himself to become the greatest Poet Laureate of English literature. One of the most absolute tyrants in English history sat on the throne, but she was the pattern for all the love poets, the crowned queen of philosophy, the rallying point of great ships and of great loyalties of rich and poor. The future loomed like a perpetual Milky Way, a united England, an England rich and free in its ideas.

But the Elizabethan Age was already a dream almost before Gloriana was cold in her grave. The future was not turning out so simple as Marlowe and Essex, Raleigh and Spenser had forecast it. Life was not to be a mere matter of growing wealthy. The rose of the New World developed thorns. The gold from the galleons had turned into fairy gold, tinsel by daylight. Spain, the empire built upon treasure-trove was growing poor and stooping to the dust. Greek philosophy paled before the fires of a religious zeal redder than any of the Middle Ages. New books, it turned out, could only make men's minds hurt them; new ideas only mean new tortures for the soul. The El Dorado of the West was being populated by those whom religious persecution, poverty, and injustice had driven overseas. A sudden and strange crack had run ominously the length of England; great landowners stood on the one side, traders and merchants on the other. Of a sudden middle-class citizens ceased to be playgoers. Statesmen ceased to be glorious freebooters and were becoming men expert at walking diplomatic tight-ropes strung across Europe. Elizabeth's whole and sufficient little universe,

"This other Eden, demi-paradise,"

broke like the prismatic bubble that it was, and Englishmen discovered themselves inhabitants of a very complicated commonwealth of Europe. Philosophers were turning into specialists, poets into surgeons with sharp instruments in their hands. So it was no wonder that belated Elizabethan, that boy grown tall of Gloriana's court, Sir Walter Raleigh, who "spake broad Devonshire to his dying day" and looked on Spanish galleons as his own on whatever seas he found them, the last of the ruffed men of the "Great Lady of the greatest Isle," was caught red-handed like a small boy with his fingers in the jams of old Spain. Surely the world had turned a subtle and strange place when an honest English sea-captain must be sacrificed for the sake of a possible marriage of an English prince to an Infanta of Spain! It had not been like this in '88. Therefore Raleigh, taken in the net of the new diplomacy, sat down to pen his best poem on that best of Elizabethan subjects, death, the night before he went to smoke the last pipe of the cheering weed he had brought like Promethean fire to man and to lay his neck upon a block of English oak in the heart of London.

The Stuart Cavaliers were of a different cut from the old. They were not the darlings of a whole people. They went on their careless careers with the sound of the populace like angry hornets in their ears. They diced and danced the merrier for hate about them. They sang the readier of the inconsequence of love, of powder and paint and garters and fans because they sang in the midst of men who found mince pies ungodly, the theatre a snare of Satan, who looked upon all poetry save the Psalms as wantonness. The colours the Cavaliers wore were brighter than ever before; but they blazed now against a background of sober greys and blacks. Hair lengthened to men's shoulders, wigs came in. Hair shortened to the skull till one could see the rotundity and hardness of men's heads. The air was full of thistledown. The air was full of death. Men went about unlighted streets, and under overhanging gables ready always to sprinkle down the plague, wearing rings on their fingers set with amber stones in which bright, fragile flies had been stellified and made immortal. They went about as often with death's-head rings as well and such laces at throat and wrist as cobwebs on a May morning. Never before had there been such singing of hymns, so much naming of sons by Old Testament names. English life had never before furnished such contrasts and such cross-purposes. Music and melancholy, lightness and soberness jostled together cheek by jowl.

Milton, the Lady of Christ's, was in retirement at Horton, stripping himself as a strong man to run a race, training like an athlete to become the singing runner of God. Sir John Suckling was running through the family fortune at bowls on Piccadilly Green with his sisters crying for him to come home. Will Davenant, shorter by half a nose lost in the lists of love, was not denying himself to be the result of Shakespeare's breaking his London to Stratford jaunt at the Mitre Inn at Oxford. Hobbes, devoted for life to the cold charms of the mathematics, was practising prick-songs of Lawes in bed at night with the door closed so that nobody should hear him, singing aloud for his health's sake. Robert Burton was listening to the bargemen swear under Folly Bridge and writing the wisest book on folly and the cheerfullest on madness and meditating making his own horoscope come true by means of a cord about his neck. Francis Quarles was writing his *Feast for Worms*. George Herbert was living the Twenty-third Psalm at Bemerton. Henrietta Maria was leading forth the votaries of Platonic love. Inigo Jones was designing pleasure domes and cupolas extraordinary for the resplendent masques of the "brave" court of James and quarrelling with rare Ben Jonson, Poet Laureate, who was putting London entire upon the stage and writing lyrics as if they were to be written in gold and upon marble. Quarters of men were hung up in public places. Carew was penning songs perfect for the voice of Mary Powell and as unsuited as might be for the austere ears of Mary Powell's husband, John Milton,

> "Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
> When June is past, the fading rose."

John Donne, Dean of Paul's, was schooling himself for death, sitting for his portrait in his shroud, the wedding dress of the grave. Some poets were writing almost entirely of roses, others of the grave and worms. Some poets started out to sing the profane love and ended up suddenly with the divine. Vandyck was putting the exquisite and nervous elegance of the new gentlemen into his immortal umbers and siennas, sables and silvers. Crashaw was gazing into the strange fire in his hot heart and looking towards Spain and Rome. New England was getting settled by men whose ideas religious and political had made their home towns too hot places to live in. Bacon was taking bribes but being careful not to let them interfere with justice and getting his death a-cold by probing the problem of refrigeration with a pullet in the snow. Herrick, languishing in dull Devonshire and writing the honestest and brightest country songs the world possesses, was letting forth his peacocks in snow, playing with thistledown in a time of thunder. The zealous Scottish Presbyterian Andrew Melvin was cooling off in the Tower. Richelieu was founding the French Academy and so providing in it a model for the Royal Society-to-be. Harvey was making himself thoroughly unpopular among the disciples of Galen and Paracelsus von Hohenheim by discovering that our blood runs around in our bodies like a caged animal. The metaphysical poets were writing of the elixir and the Neo-Platonic ecstasy and the bottling of Mary Magdalene's tears for the breakfast for angels in the same breath with Copernican astronomy and the cosmography of Mercator and the new coinage. Petrarch would never recognize his theme of love in these poets' hands. Milton was calling all this unclassical imagery "toys of the fantastics." The May woods were full of Celias and

Chloes, Corinnas and Delias, butterflies and silkworms, ladies who fitted well into songs. Hardheaded Calvinists were being scalped in the wildernesses of New England. Lawes was putting English gaiety and lightness, as well as the grave *Comus* of Milton, to the music of wind and strings. The world was made up of feathers, fans, garters and jewels and light things the ladies loved for being as light as themselves. The world was the pasture of the gnawing worm and the timber for the vermiculations of sin.

The First Duke of Buckingham was preparing himself as a character for Dumas. Jesuits were being hanged. The Thirty Years' War was on; pestilence, famine, butchery, and all the other Apocalyptic horsemen were making a ruin of Germany for two hundred years to come; and the armies of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, were fashionable finishing schools for English gentlemen born to the ruff and gold lace. Richelieu was feathering the nest of France from the pieces of central Europe. Spain and its wild honey fetched from the Americas and fine gold that vanished at the touch was a-dying as the first power of Europe, and great France was being born. James, coming in from his hunting, was sitting down to pen polemical treatises, as the champion of Protestantism, to send to all the princes of Christendom. Puritans were using the altar table as a place to pile their hats upon. The church having decreed games for the Sabbath, never had so many honest English things been frowned upon before—maypoles, dancing on the green, holly greens for Christmas. Raleigh, safely lodged in the Tower for a time, had found the leisure at last to sit down to the writing of half a million words or so of his *History of the World* by the light of the *Book of Genesis* up as far as the beginnings of the really important part of ancient history, the Second Macedonian War.

King James, whose beard was very thin and legs rather unmanageable, was finding the jovial suppers of his best Buckingham rather strenuous in his age, being often "overtaken"; but he washed away the memory on the morrow with tears. Donne was preaching the first missionary sermon of modern times to the honourable gentlemen of the Virginian

Company and expressing a devout hope that the stockholders would count their gains in Red Indian souls saved from perdition and the Roman Church rather than in so many drugs or dyes brought home in English bottoms. "O if you could once bring a catechism to be as good ware amongst them as a bugle, as a knife, as a hatchet!" The Dean of Paul's was also sketching the possibility of Virginia as a new Bridewell for draining the ill humours from England's population. Sir Thomas Overbury, friend of all the *literati* and former darling of the Earl of Somerset, was being carefully poisoned to death in the Tower in physic, jellies, and tarts through the co-operation of many noble persons and perhaps with the knowledge and sanction of the King. Sons of Calvin were finding it difficult to genuflect at the name of Jesus. Sir John Suckling was riding like a prince down to Bath to take the waters, with a cartload of books going on before. Between inventing cribbage and escorting young ladies he was finding time there to dash off a tract on Socinianism. He also turned out a tragedy or so, not to mention lyrics,

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather."

or

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? . . .

"Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her!"

And with the same quill Suckling was admonishing his cousin against loving girls and then leaving them when come to marriageable age. Milton was attending no plays, but he was reading drama, Shakespeare and Jonson of the "learned sock."

Ralph Kettel, President of Trinity, Oxford, was clipping the detested long hair of his students when he got the chance with the bread-knife from the buttery-hatch. He was serving a strong beer, too, to keep his college tipplers at home where they belonged. William Harvey had been assisting another Oxonian who had a hen sitting on eggs in his chamber, "which they daily opened to discern the progress and way of generation." Under the impossible auspices of the Duke of Buckingham a future king was gone a-wooing to the court of Spain. Lope de Vega was able to burst forth into seasonable song:

"Charles Stuart am I,
Whom love has guided afar;
To this heaven of Spain I am come
To see Maria, my star."

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford-to-be, was reading the metaphysical poetry of Donne and hating the Duke of Buckingham with his whole heart.

James Howell was climbing the Alps and comparing his native Welsh mountains to them, "blisters compared to imposthumes, or pimples to warts." Francis Bacon with his "eye of a viper" was pondering all wisdom at a table always "strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory," and he was arousing the admiration of the great Richelieu across the Channel. William Prynne was finishing the study of the law and meditating upon the sinfulness of the long hair on Cavalier heads. Thomas Hobbes was translating the *Medea* of Euripides into Latin iambics and, what was more, presenting it to his teacher at Magdalen Hall. He was also drawing isosceles triangles on his thighs and his sheets abed and complaining that algebra was too much admired above geometry. Peregrine White was cutting her teeth in the forest of North America. Sir John Popham was wasting ten thousand pounds a year and running through the vastest estate in England, while his father was living like a hog in Somerset. The first crop of Indian maize was being rubbed from the cob at Plymouth. Jeremy Taylor was the rival of young Milton at Cambridge in the point of good looks. Captain John Smith, conqueror of Turks and Admiral once of New England, was drawing his belt in tight over his empty belly and waiting through the lean years for a good burying and a fat epitaph at last in St. Saviour's:

"Here lies one conquered that hath conquered
kings!
Oh, may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep."

Thomas Fuller, alone of all the seventeenth century preachers, was mixing humour with doctrine and filling even the side-chambers of his church as full of listeners "as if bees had swarmed to his mellifluous discourse." John Donne was dwelling on the eloquent prospect of eternal damnation: "When God who is all blessing hath learned to curse us and being of himself spread as an universal honeycomb over all takes an impression, a tincture, an infusion, of gall from us, what extraction of wormwood can be so bitter, what exaltation of fire can be so raging, what multiplying of talents can be so heavy, what stiffness of destiny can be so inevitable, what confection of gnawing worms, of gnashing teeth, of howling cries, of scalding brimstone, of palpable darkness can be so, so insupportable, so inexpressible, so unimaginable as the curse and malediction of God? . . . What Tophet is not Paradise, what brimstone is not amber, what gnashing is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worm is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage-bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God?" Selden was cultivating Ben Jonson and establishing a name all over Europe as one of the first great Oriental scholars with his *De Diis Syriis.* Izaak Walton was fishing all the brooks of England that he could get at, taking a trout so skilfully that it did not hurt, learning the art of impaling a lob-worm on a hook and of making a tawny-fly, and ripening into the last of the philosophers as he sat on the river's brink. Traders were swapping coloured glass beads for rich furs from the Redmen along North American rivers. James Howell was doing everything by turns, travelling, writing spicy letters, sticking up for Wales, hob-nobbing with royalty and the men of letters, producing genial and urbane books steadily to the time when he would end his jovial days as Historiographer Royal, with much pride but small financial return from the King whose court he adorned. John Earle was writing at Oxford some of the best undergraduate essays in Christendom. Jews and Protestants were being used as torches in the cities of Spain. King James had had his portrait painted going down a stairway on every step of which was written *Peace, Peace, Peace.* "Steeny," George Villiers, was working all his family into good jobs around court and waving astounding plumes as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Tobacco was still being sold for its weight in silver. Potatoes were ceasing to be used as an aphrodisiac and beginning to be used as a common food.

Bacon was challenging the method of Aristotle and founding the school of modern research. Parliament, after the second decade of the century, was getting itself dissolved more and more frequently. Lanier and Ferabroso were making English houses musical. The successors of Shakespeare in tragedy and comedy were emptying the theatres of the sober middle class. Hampden was standing up to the big tyrant of his fields over the ship-money. Parliament debates were full of Old Testament kings. Copernicus, Galileo, and Keppler were at length smashing the beautiful crystalline nests of Ptolemaic spheres to bits, though Milton and other poets would find the old astronomy lovely enough for use in their verses. The Cavaliers were dancing on until the pikes of London train-bands and the sound of Oliver's new artillery should break up the ball.

Behind all this lively and moving pageantry of persons gigantic issues, that would cast their shadows across the centuries, to our own times and beyond, were being shaped and worked out. Poets and Parliaments, prelates and preachers were setting tremendous forces in motion that were to go on after their passions and their causes were become but documents of a buried century. The Old Boy's chickens, the problems of the easier sixteenth century, were coming home to roost. Fissures unknown since the Wars of the Roses were beginning to show in English society. Obscure factions of Elizabeth's day had become national forces; dreams the issue of an assembly. Marlowe had set down his vision of a boyish New Jerusalem where scholars should go richly clad and all the ends of a widened earth lie like reins in the hands of the individual, where any man might stand up to the old gods and challenge the old authorities in religion, in philosophy, and in statecraft. And now that vision was becoming an intellectual, an economic, and a social fact. And behold, the new world was not a quiet and easy place to live in, not a New Jerusalem, but a New Babylon; and swords and hatreds flashed in its streets. The Renaissance came in its full tide late to England; and it came hard. What France and Italy had accomplished more easily and gracefully had to be accomplished desperately and in a shorter space of time and by a Nordic race that has always been prone to mingle its religion and its politics and so make both more fruitful of sparks.

For one thing, the Reformation, for England, was really a seventeenth century issue. A political expedient of Henry VIII did not attain its fullest consequences until the time of the first two Stuarts. A pushing down of a barrier to make a way for the shining of the "light in Anne Boleyn's eyes" was really the breaking of a seam deep within that did not show upon the surface of England until earthquakes recorded the fact. A leader in greater freedom of conscience in religion in the Middle Ages, England in the sixteenth century had become the follower. Hence Calvin, and not Wyclif, was the rallying point of the released energies in religious thought. And the English Church had taken its colour the more easily from Geneva through the accident of the exile of English Protestants in Mary's time. But in the seventeenth century English nature reasserted itself to work out its own native earthquake. The church took stock of its Calvinistic wrinkles; some of them were bound to be ironed out of an English fabric. The sermon had become the focal point of the service, crowding the liturgy and the altar ceremonials into the position of vassals to the strong lord of reason. Behind this new sanctity of the sermon were dangerous challenges to the whole historical organization of episcopacy and ultimately to all authority save the Bible. As a sign of these dangers there were "lecturers" springing up over the land, men who had no more warrant for their leadership than an earnest desire to speak of their religious experiences with others, men gathering greater and greater crowds even in unsanctified places. Private religion was threatening the monopoly of the state. These things had to be settled.

To complicate matters, these Puritans were not at first outside the church; they were part and parcel of its fabric. The term Separatist came into being only after a definite program of persuasion not unmixed with force had created the necessity for it. Hooker and Andrews were pleading the wisdom and beauty of the *Via Media* not to outsiders but to men within their gates. They were home missionaries. Cambridge in Elizabeth's day was a hotbed of Puritan doctrine, the more subtle and powerful because it was volatilized into a philosophical system and had married itself to Plato.

Small wonder that cries of atheism were turned more and more upon the place; small wonder that Marlowe found his university a pleasant place to live in. The greatest Elizabethan of them all, certainly in the bulk of his beauty and the colour of his philosophy, Edmund Spenser, had drunk deep of that rarefied atmosphere which made all things of beauty beautifully whole and possible; and so he could compose an epic of the moral virtues of Plato in the form of a mediaeval allegory, with crusading knights and ladies of single charms suffering no shock in travelling a land tenanted by creatures from classical mythology. Even as late an undergraduate as Milton found no great difficulty there in entertaining a serious thought of entering the church with his fine brain full of the exquisite light and music of pagan deities and Virgilian similes. He who intended to build poems like Greek temples did not at first realize that worship at the feet of the pagan muse and the doctrine of the sufficiency of pure reason might not be the best preparation for a pastor of a flock within the English Church. Stained glass and pagan poets were all of a piece to him. Even in such a place as Oxford, generally less able to look over Aristotle to Plato, over the Middle Ages to the Greeks, a place that has taken its religion as less of a philosophy, a Puritan head of a college was no rarity at the time. "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land!" cried King James, in the typical Stuart manner, not realizing that he was saying he intended cutting off a hand here, a leg there. He meant that he would pack off a part of a family to the shores of Massachusetts Bay. England in its church was a house divided against itself. There was the spirit of proverbial English independence of the individual and independence of the state of foreign authority; and there was also a feeling for the worshipful traditions of the past, for the ceremonials, for sure authority, for the mystic experience. The seventeenth century Englishman who did not suffer from a sense of divided loyalty was the Englishman who did not feel at all. This century was the century of religious agony for England; the new nation overseas is the monument of this pain.

To complicate things still more, the politics of seventeenth century England, mingled in a very real way with the religious issue, were also in the crucible. There were sounds of the anvil and forge in Westminster as in Lambeth. The character of the sovereigns had a lot to do with the desperate character of the welding and hammering. The absolute Tudors had had the gift of popularity. Elizabeth on one of her progresses on horseback could do more in the way of making her people forget that she was a monarch older in cast than Henry IV or even Edward III than could James in any number of visits to both the universities with Latin orations and masques and ladies like opened flowers and gentlemen like frost and sun on a Winter morning. And what delicacy of touch Gloriana lacked in her own person she knew how to make up for in the persons whom she selected to be her servants; her ministers were popular idols oftener than not, great men on horseback, good persons to lead a charge. After all, half of the governments of the world are still of this sort. Give us a man we can follow even to the gates of hell, and charters and constitutions can stay on the shelves! But these

Stuarts were artists at making themselves unpopular. Charles the Second was an exception; but he came too late to matter much. And the Stuarts had the gift of choosing for their lieutenants men whom the people suspected of almost everything sooner or later, from Popery to a too nice precision in their wardrobe and beards. Even the Gunpowder Treason could not make a hero of James. It would have taken a deluge. And the mischief is that James was a likable man and a great friend when one came really to know him, a man of many fine ideals. He did more for English letters probably than any ruler, excepting Gloriana possibly, since Henry II. Charles, too, had his virtues; but they seemed to be just the sort to stand in his way, or at least he took pains to make them appear so. No one has done more for art and for strict morality as an ornament of kingship. Victoria must strike her colours to him there. Yet for all the galaxy of Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones, Vandyck, and Lawes, Charles is remembered as an aloof and cold and exasperating man at times of crises. He had a talent for failure to arouse fervour save of the sinister kind. Given two such monarchs in succession, and the divinest idea of kingship could have been annihilated.

Hence the days of the Stuarts are the days of new growth in the power of the House of Commons. The work done by the time of the accession of Henry IV had to be done all over. And it was so thoroughly done over that, once a few Hampdens were lost to the ranks, the House grew to be the camel in the tent, pushing bishops, king, and all into the outer cold. Prerogatives of the king and of the church were challenged by the new rulers in the growing trade and commerce. When the king dispensed with Parliament, as Charles did periodically, the royal purse grew lank. It was the old story of Edward III and the French wars all over again, only played now upon a stage with gigantic and bewildering economic and religious factors in the background pulling the wires.

Still even these two intermingled issues of religious and political development would not have complicated the England of the seventeenth century half so much, had not the bottom dropped out of the intellectual world that composed their support. Francis Bacon is the spokesman of what is happening to the foundations that mean more than any parliaments or kings. The modern world was being born along with the Anglican Church and constitutional monarchy. Everywhere in this century one comes upon its swaddling clothes. If it isn't Donne taking a leap of three hundred years ahead into modern psychology in the midst of illuminations of the Church Fathers and the ecstasies of the mediaeval mystics, then it is a lot of scholars at Oxford who, far from keeping their noses to their logic and theology, are playing with embryonic chicks and pieces of clockwork and so laying the cornerstones of the Royal Society. There is a close connection between such things as the discovery of the circulation of the blood and the discovery that each man has within him the gift of expounding the Scriptures to his neighbour. Bishops are apt to fall as political forces with the Ptolemaic conception of spheres nested in ordered harmony of law which brought bishops into being. Kings responsible only to God go out with the ideal of an Old Testament God superior to laws of gravity and space. The seventeenth century, of course, saw only the beginning of the process that is now part of our lives; but it saw a fair beginning; and the dust of broken idols was thick underfoot. Men were beginning to challenge the past, its sanctities, its authorities, its assumption of the possibility of perfection and wholeness of knowledge, as in the ancient Greeks, its assumption of the necessity of the revelation of knowledge, as in the thinkers and mystics of the Middle Ages. Such lamps as they had may seem to us very feeble and rudimentary, whale-oil lamps; they fed still on the oils of Leviathan, the providential nature of truth. Preachers and scientists and politicians still thumbed the pages of Scripture to find illuminations for the new sciences; chemistry was still half the romance of alchemy, astronomy half the poetry of astrology. But even such rude lamps were bright enough to show cracks in the old tables of law and tinsel in ancient aureoles. An entirely new method of approach to knowledge is foretold in Bacon, a method that will relegate the half of history to the domain of literature and command faith to make her chief lodging place the church. For one person who suffered when Darwin and Huxley set forth their doctrines in the nineteenth century there must have been ten who suffered, as that pious sceptic gentleman, Sir Thomas Browne, in the seventeenth. If one will contrast the religion of the close of this century with the religion of its beginning, one will have an eloquent commentary on the achievement of science; a mill-pond to the ocean, a candle to the burning bush. In such a century when a single conscience can grow to take the place of the tomes of the Church Fathers and the canonical literature, it is not surprising that the head of the anointed of God should fall under the blade of the axe, that a churchman who ruled as a king should share the king's fate, and the foundations of all the past tremble and grow infirm.

This modern world in the making shows in many particular instances in this time. In none is it more clearly seen than in the creation, largely through the fact of the cleavage of opinion on matters political and religious, of a body of public opinion. Civil heats and disasters bore the fruits, the bitter fruits at first, of the printed page that has become our newspaper. For another thing, London was growing to be England, or a large part of it, as an Archbishop of Canterbury was to discover to his sorrow and the country gentlemen of the Cavalier foot when they clashed with the London train-bands at the First Battle of Newbury. And for still another thing, the halves of a nation divided by religious and political differences were to become the systole and diastole of the hearts of the commonwealths of England and America, the political parties, conservative and liberal.

This complex world was the stage set for the greatest archbishop England has known, William Laud. It was against such a background that this tailor's son who stepped into the shoes of Augustine of Canterbury and out of them to join the company of martyrs on a scaffold on Tower Hill was to play the leading rôle. This Archbishop of Canterbury was more than a splendid ecclesiastic who built an enduring church—for he did that. He was also a great man. Upholder of the purple tradition and authority of the past at a time when the cosmos of human civilization was changing, it was inevitable that he should become the cyclone center of the troubles of the 1640's in England. Builder of the ideal of absolutism in church and state, Laud was a man marked of the stars, a part of the trefoil pattern of doom which included Strafford and Charles Stuart. Walled in by hatreds and venomous libels, deserted by his allies in the heart of the thunderstorm that swept up to close a particularly brilliant period of English civilization, a man of loneliness who believed in omens, sincere centurion of his idea of God, he stands as a vivid and dignified figure, and the story of his rise and fall has all the pathos and power of an ancient Greek tragedy. To understand Stuart England one needs to know this greatest single power in shaping its course. Greater than the careless Buckingham, greater than earnest Hampden or the zealous Pym, stronger than sturdy Strafford, more important than Charles Stuart, here was the man who broke a nation into two armies with pikes, whet swords by a prayer-book, overturned a church by ceremonies, and sharpened an axe for the neck of the King he laboured to make into the hand of God. Laud helped to found the American nation by making England impossible for those who would not follow tradition in their religious thinking; and he died a martyr to the ancient ideal of church and state on the very threshold of the modern world.

John Milton called Laud a wolf in sheep's clothing, a shepherd feeding his flock unwholesome provender. Peter Heylin called him a saint. Martyr or minion of Antichrist. It depended on which side of the fence that had sprung up across England one stood. And one had to stand on one side or the other. There were very few who could ride the fence in those days when old authorities were being discarded or were finding new prophets and gospels, when unheard-of heresies were going about the streets, the heads of kings falling, and new philosophies coming upon the market along with tobacco and potatoes and other strange, new articles of diet. It was a time when men had to take sides. The old unity and wholeness of the Elizabethans seem as far away as boyhood from the lives and heats of these specialists, these beloved vagabonds, or these Latter Day Saints, Cavaliers and Roundheads, of the seventeenth century.

A hot and brilliant day it was. And it is in such brilliant weather that the seeds of lightning are germinated.

## *Chapter II*

# THE MAN OF THUNDER

"CROP-EARED Presbyterian" William Prynne ends his *Breviate of the Life of William Laud* with words that are at once a summary and a prophecy: "The last [omen] is his own fatal dream at Oxford, long since published and lately attested from his own mouth at his trial in the Lords House, the sum whereof is this: that when he was a young scholar in Oxford he dreamed one night that he came to far greater preferment in the church and power in the state than ever any man of his birth and calling did before him; in which greatness and worldly happiness he continued many years; but after all this happiness, before he waked, he dreamed he was hanged. The first part of this dream hath been long since really verified, and the conclusion of it is in all probability like to be speedily accomplished upon the close of his trial."

The great oak attracts the lightning. There are some birds that have from old the marks of flames upon them. They are not good birds to be near in the time of thunder. At St. John's College in Oxford lies the scarlet cap which Laud wore the last day he wore his head, upon the scaffold. The colour of scarlet, of purple, runs like a thread through the life of this man. And the sound of thunder grows. It is of such things Prynne writes in his *Breviate*. Perhaps this is the only instance in the history of the judiciary that the evil omens gathering about a man have been used as evidence against him at his trial. And a man's dreams. But in such a trial of such a man such things seem natural.

For Laud is the pastor who wore purple, handled his crook like a sceptre, and wore his flat cap like a crown. In the eyes of the world he grew tall. He rose from a cottage to mullioned Lambeth, from a rural church to the table of the king. The reins of a nation lay at last in his hands. He built a university and a church.

Laud believed firmly in his destiny; the milestones of achievement he notes in his *Diary* with the calm assurance of one to whom such things are due and expected, without comment of surprise or humility. Sometimes he anticipates them with coolness: "The Duke related to me what the King had further resolved concerning me in case the Archbishop of Canterbury should die, etc." And along with this catalogue of fulfilled destinies there runs the darker and more emotional commentary on the omens and dreams that gathered more and more thickly about him as he rose higher and higher. Because he was the man he was and because destiny had brought him and a time perilous to such a one together, there is something inevitable and Greek about the sudden lightning at the end and his kneeling at last on all fours at the block on Tower Hill. By force he rose; by force he fell. Behind his years one hears the sweep of a pendulum, sees the paradox of life, dreams the dream of a fortune's wheel.

Because Laud was destiny's anointed, perhaps, nature had denied him the power of making friends. There is a pathos in that inarticulate gesture of farewell he made when the Earl of Strafford, the man who came the nearest to being a friend, stood under his window before mounting to the block. And because he was destiny's anointed, he had had to build the tower of his strength alone, without sympathy and often without an understanding even of his aims. He was one of the seventeenth century lonely men. And destiny, too, it was that his character should fit in perfectly with the contours of the perpetually ill-starred character of his royal master Charles; stubbornness for stubbornness, the faculty for choosing the unpopular means, pride for pride. Clarendon has etched for us the King's portrait: "He had an excellent understanding but was not confident enough of it; which made him often change his opinion for a worse and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjecture of his affairs would admit. If he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty." No chief adviser could have offered a better supplement to Charles for the compiling of a tragedy than Archbishop Laud. For Charles' lack of confidence he could offer an assurance extraordinary, for Charles' shifting opinions he could give convictions that were brass and granite. For the King's inability to use his judgment of men Laud could offer his profound lack of sympathy for motives not his own. For irresolution Laud had a clarity and singleness of aim that are amazing, for a lack of imperiousness, a will of steel and a gift for cold wrath enough to ruin ten statesmen. "We have the misfortune to serve a gracious Prince that knows not how to be or to be made great," said Strafford to Laud. Whatever of purple the King lacked in his nature Laud in his person could supply. Of Charles, Clarendon writes further, "So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin that men might well think that heaven and earth and the stars conspired it." Laud is such a miraculous circumstance. Clarendon in his early years had as a patron the First Pastor of England.

Destiny, again, could have chosen no apter moment for the entrance of this ambitious man upon the stage of the state. The colour of his early life, which had made him suspected of Puritans who loved the colour of grey and plainness in their shepherds, made him stand out as a clear target for all the hate that had rumbled impersonally in the far four corners of the kingdom.

And Laud aroused the Scottish nation. That in itself would have been enough to ruin any man.

There is, finally, the added irony in the career of this prelate who wore the splendid colour of kings that he is a builder who built far better than he realized. The *Diary* is an account book of an ambitious architect who laid cornerstones in sowing cushions under my Lord Duke's knees. Behind his liturgies for churches and statutes for universities, behind the adoration of the East and the right order and phrases of divine worship, there have arisen a university that has come to be a pattern of the paradox of living well and thinking gracefully and a church that is perhaps the finest compromise mankind has yet struck between the here and now and eternity, the aristocratic compromise of the *Via Media et Speciosa,* the most comfortable and pleasant baiting-place for the mind hungry for holy things and earthly things, the Anglican Church.

All the elements of tragedy are here. One waits only for the curtain to rise.

## *Chapter III*

## OXFORD

LIKE many of the world's great men William Laud began life humbly. He was born on October 7, 1573, the son of a master-tailor of Reading. Years afterwards, when he sat in the see of Canterbury and his name was among the splendid of the land, it was the custom of his enemies to refer to the meanness and obscurity of his birth. And it was the custom of the Archbishop to feel very keenly these particular shafts of his adversaries. Peter Heylin, his first and most pious biographer, and his chaplain as well, tells of one such instance when Laud showed him an anonymous slur on his origin that had been left at his door. *E faece plebis* was an epithet hurled at his head; yet this was just one more of the slanders that gathered about his latter years, for Laud, if not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, was not born into poverty. Such a slander speaks volumes of the resentment that middle-class minds hold for one of their own number who rises beyond them. And there is a pathetic commentary on Laud's character in his chagrin over what might have been turned, by a greater soul, into a golden compliment. The man in purple does not care to be reminded of the days before he wore it.

If the annotations in the copy of the *Breviate* found by Bliss and printed in 1853 in his edition of Laud's works be authentically Laud's, we have an illuminating skirmish between Prynne, who inserted his sly allusions to the lowness of Laud's birth into his abbreviation of the *Diary*, and Laud, in his comments upon these additions of a man who neglected not even the smallest means to bring the Archbishop's neck into the noose of his vengeance. Where Prynne writes that Laud came of poor and obscure parents, Laud answers, "All this, if true, is no fault of mine." And he hastens then to add, "My father had borne all offices in the town, save the mayoralty." "In a cottage," writes Prynne. "The housing which my father dwelt in is rented at this day at thirty-three pounds a year," answers Laud. Prynne goes on to hint that the Archbishop pulled down the house of his birth to remove every reminder of his ignominious origin from the earth. Laud denies that he did the pulling down. "He came a poor scholar to Oxford," says Prynne. " 'Tis true I was poor enough," answers Laud, "yet a Commoner I was till I was chosen Scholar of the house." And where Prynne states that Laud recovered from a youthful illness because God had reserved him to be a future scourge to church and state, Laud loses his temper completely as he does so often in his life and cries, "Who told him so? God grant himself be not what he says I am!"

Personal epithets, slanderous or too near the truth, came to be the daily portion of the man. They ranged from Arch-wolf of Canterbury to "Archy." Among the most common were those to remind him that a man's inches may not always coincide with his greatness in place. Laud was not a tall man. He was never permitted to forget that fact. "Little Laud," "my little good Lord," "little Will." These were diminutives without a touch of endearment. Who knows the psychology of a mind which is sensitive to smallness of stature? Certainly little men have an ability to assume grandeur not in the gift of the large. Laud was, as one of his anonymous pamphlet biographers declares, what "might be called a pretty man." The Lambeth Vandyck shows him to be a person of so fastidiously arching brows and so precise a moustache and pointed imperial, that exquisite and delicate are the first adjectives that enter the mind. Such a face lent itself easily to caricature, even to the unskilful knife carving the hasty woodblock for tomorrow's broadside; one can pick Laud out instantly in a group. When one encounters the personal remarks that embellished the hatreds of this so stern a discourager of slanders and libels in a day when the Tower was at the other side of his city, one remembers that this was the day when a man's nose or eyes might be turned like artillery upon him. Even so magnificent a mind as Milton's could stoop to twit Prynne on the loss of his ears, once Prynne had attained his aim of bringing Laud, the clipper of them, to his doom and cared not to go further in his levellings of the mighty. The "Saints" and the saintly had sharp tongues. The creator of Raphael and Eve blistered Salmasius with invective.

In all his portraits, from Vandyck's to those of Cheapside, Laud looks a plump and healthy man. But the opening entry of the *Diary* is a notice of illness in infancy, and bodily ailments are set down continuously throughout. "A most fierce salt-rheum in my left eye, like to have endangered it." "That night I returned, being become lame on a sudden through I know not what humour, falling down upon my left leg, or, as R. An. thought, by the biting of bugs." "I fell suddenly dead for a time at Wickham." "My horse trod on my foot and lamed me." "I fell down, I know not how, in the parlour of St. John's College, and hurt my left shoulder and hip." It is strange that William Prynne missed this last notice; it is one of the few chances he let slip by him, when he printed Laud's *Diary,* to point the omen behind Laud's many accidents. And why does Laud come to disaster so often upon his left side? Even in dreams accidents pursue him; more than once he dreams of losing teeth—was not that dream listed with the ominous in the seventeenth century? It does not appear so, or Laud would surely have mentioned it. Between sermons preached and bishoprics attained runs the catalogue of woes: "I was sore plucked with this sickness," "I was forced to put on a truss for rupture," "My fear of a stone in my bladder," "A most grievous, burning fever." He seems to have been a lover of quick motion and violent exercise. Some of his broken tendons came from such practices as swinging books for exercise in private. Small items, yet they let in the light upon the impetuousness of this churchman in the issues of greater moment.

Laud's long career of devoted service to the cause of letters, never broken even in the busy years of statecraft and ecclesiastical supervision, had its beginning in the Grammar School at Reading. From rather meagre records one gathers that he was a leader in his form and a quiet, thorough scholar. Laud blesses his schoolmaster for his severity. Even this man, this early, could not resist making personal remarks: "When you are a little great man, I hope you will remember Reading School." It was the corporation of his native place, too, that gave him his first step-up into the academic world of which Laud was to be one of the princes of all time; a corporation scholarship opened to him after one year the inner gates of the university he was to refound. That Reading was proud of its son is clear from the decree of 1695 that a copy of *The Troubles and Trial,* published that year, was to be chained in perpetuity to a desk in the council room of the corporation. A square wears his name. And Laud had always a warm spot in his busy heart for his town. He found time in the midst of his many benefactions, his building of prayer-books and charters, to give of his substance to erect one of those warm and beautiful memorials to the spirit of charity that make one wish to be poor in his old age and able to live in an English almshouse. "The way to do the town of Reading good for their poor." So warm a monument a cold man may have.

Laud's Oxonian days, as they appear in the *Diary,* are mainly catalogues of achievements without comments, bare lists of honours won, lectures read, benefices obtained: Scholar of St. John's, 1590; Fellow of St. John's, 1593; B. A., 1594; M. A., 1598; Grammar Reader, 1598; deacon, 1600; priest, 1601; Divinity Lecturer, 1602; Proctor, 1603; chaplain to the Earl of Devon, 1603; B. D., 1604; vicar of Stanford, 1607; advowson of North Kilworth, 1608; D. D., 1608; chaplain to Dr. Neile, Bishop of Rochester, 1608; first sermon before James I, 1609; advowson of Tilbury, 1609; of Cuckstone, 1610; of Norton, 1610; President of St. John's, 1611; King's chaplain, 1611; and so on to archdeaconries, prebendaryships, and the first bishopric. But between these curt entries that make the years between July, 1598, and November, 1621, the years of Laud's residential connection with Oxford, read like the easy course of a man going from strength to strength, there was a silent and tremendous growth which was to affect England and places beyond the seas more profoundly than any other force in the seventeenth century. And there was a fight going on that only the stoutest centurion could stand in, bitter edges of swords, tongues like poisoned darts, and wills that were battle-axes. William Laud entered an Oxford that was hostile, and he left it a conqueror, trained in the habit of setting his foot on the necks of the stiffest Calvinists that was to stand him in good stead in the wider world. John Buckeridge, Laud's tutor at St. John's College, an upholder of the old ceremonials of the church, may have helped in the arming of Laud; Buckeridge was destined to have a share in Laud's efficient gratitude, and in the opprobrium of Laud's maturity as well, as Bishop of Ely.

But no tutor alive could have shaped this builder of the English Church. Laud was his own architect, efficient, ruthless, a master and lover of the smallest details. Untouched by mysticism, this man was no lover of an abstract emotionalism, no worshipper of mysteries, no dreamer prostrated before a spiritual loveliness. His eyes were eyes for the solidity of material things. Forms he cultivated for their preciseness and exactitude. Ceremonies to him were like brick and mortar. Christianity for him was not a private business; it was a corporation, Christ incorporated in an institution. The church he planned was a physical loveliness. Superstitions this man had, the presage of a material disaster in the fall of a picture, but no mysticism. Not that he loved Christ less, but he loved Christ as one loves a bronze that can beautify and endure. For him the kingdom would come as the logical end to a vista of well-built and orderly churches, where worship was like a charter or a theorem in geometry. Worldly, his enemies called him. If architecture that by the harmony of law can imitate the wings of angels be worldly, then he was well content to be called so. For this man was first and last an organizer. As he was a prince, he was a prince of business men. Hard-headed, surely, but hard-headed in the glorious business of order, the first law of heaven, hard-headed as the stars that keep to their ancient tracks and go forth on their regular errands of supernal law. Limited he was certainly; there were no weaknesses, no tears in the beauty he knew, no shadows, and no agonies. He heard no voices and saw no visions save in his dreams. There, pathetically enough, they crowded thick above him. For such is the way of men who rule always the hours of their waking. Yet Laud built an edifice that had room for the sudden and gentle flames George Herbert saw, room for the starry agonies of Jeremy Taylor. Someone must do the work of trowel and square.

This small fastidious man had eyes that were very wide open to the state of the church in the ancient town of letters he lived in and in the little parishes over the countryside where at first his energies began to find their outlet. To Laud the church of his youth and early maturity was a ruin, nothing more. And there seemed to be nothing to arrest a further ruination. In the beautiful houses ancient men had built so well, when religion had been more of a daily bread than now, within walls stripped of ancient pageantry and windows despoiled of their ecstatic colours in glass in the day of the break with Rome and monasticism, there had never been evolved a religion that could keep the sureties and sanctities of the old, while asserting the independence of the new. There was really no national church to express the English genius for striking a balance between the here and the hereafter, between the dignity of God and the dignity of man.

There were some workers in the vineyard, but they were unorganized, they had no clear program. There was chiefly a foreign Calvinism housed in the ruins of an English Church.

Ruins. Organs were being torn down; "whistling" was out of place in the house of prayer. Galleries were going up to accommodate a larger audience, as if the business of the church were to provide more and more seats for people to sit and see and hear an orator airing his private convictions on matters too great for any ten single men to understand, on matters for which an eloquent oratory had been provided by centuries of devotion and consecration. The old feeling for the rightness of the cruciform plan of the church structure was being lost. People did not face the East, the source of the revelation of divinity. Many of the buildings leaked; there were windows empty of glass. Carpenters and masons were needed. These structures, always alive once, and changing subtly in windows and arches from one century to another, from Early English to Perpendicular and so on, were now quiescent. They had ceased to be a part of the organism of life. They were houses for Sunday and the violent expression of a more or less individual emotion. The sacraments were haphazardly administered, sometimes irregularly performed. The altar was being profaned. It had become a mere table in the center of the church to pile books and hats upon. Sometimes, even, people sat upon it. As the pulpit had risen and become holy, the altar had fallen. It was a useful piece of furniture, not the holy symbol of that table where the Christian Church began. Anything savouring of the ancient symbols the more earnest Puritans abhorred. They looked upon the monument of the Last Supper as a piece of idolatry. The service had become casual, a mere fringe to the sermons of the present, as if no Church Fathers or councils and canonical writers had spent the pith of their brains and hearts upon it. Many pastors had taken to wearing black exclusively during the service. "Whites," they feared, had the aroma of Rome.

There was an uneasy spirit of controversy and disagreement abroad in the land; liberties were taken with the interpretation of Scripture. Worse still, there was spreading like a blight over the pleasant and comfortable land of England a gloomy and unlovely attitude towards life, engendered by Calvinism. More and more minds were finding it hard to compromise with the world and its ways. Narrowed minds frowned more and more on the exuberant naturalness of life. This growing lack of cheerfulness, foreign to Englishmen of the past, was reflected in a dour attitude towards Sunday sports and diversions, old English maypoles and wakes, the drinking of healths even, music, save it be from the human throat, and mince pies at Christmas. If this thing went on, no knowing but it might become ungodly to write a sonnet to a Delia or a Chloe or smoke a pipe. Many people had begun to regard with suspicion poetry itself, for its songs' sakes and its representations of spontaneous emotion, for its theme of love. The theatres were coming to be called cess-pools of iniquity, stage-plays the pomps of the Devil. Milton, liberal and sane lover of music and pagan literature that he was, never attended a play. And where all this would end Laud did not know. Perhaps all literature save the Bible would come to be looked upon as ungodly. Certainly the learning of the past, built about the loveliness of the church, would perish.

But worse even yet to Laud was the menace in Puritanism to the ideal of kingship and state as it had been. The thing that gave the sanction to king and state, the church, was in jeopardy; crowns and prerogatives and ordered subordination of classes hung in the balance with the sacraments and the altar. Laud's clear eyes saw over the years to the fall of lords and king. Without the staff of the church to lean on, kings, as in the time of Saul, were feeble indeed.

And in Puritanism this churchman ascending to one after another of the high places of Oxford and the church saw a threat to the very life of the nation in its threat to remove the privileged and aristocratic mind, the mind trained by the universities and the schools, from the control of the ship of faith. If any conscientious mind, however unlettered, could come to the command, what might not happen? The aristocracy of birth had been supported by the aristocracy of spirit. Now the life of universities, their disciplines, and their consecrations, stood challenged by men in their very midst. One had to begin at once here at home to root out these traitors.

But, worst of all, Laud saw in the church of his youth a lack of organization which must have crucified his orderly mind. Carelessness in church finances, carelessness in church government; bishops ignoring the irregular preaching in their dioceses, ignorant of the state of their budgets. The ancient, exquisite system of checks and controls, of graduated dependencies, of graduated receipts and expenditures, was gone. People were so busy at searching the Bible that they had no eye for their tiles and their tithes. While churchmen spent their time in controversies, the institution that supported them was growing poor. Wasted energy and inefficiency were everywhere.

This was the state of the church as Laud saw it out of young eyes.

The slight man with a gaze so wide and innocent buckled on the armour that he was never to put off again while he lived and moved outside the Tower walls. He had seen what he must do. He probably knew from the beginning that it was for him to accomplish the work without any great assistance from others, even from the kings he was to serve and labour to save. Perhaps it was from such a conviction that he endeavoured to make no friends. Lieutenants he must have and many of them, but always lieutenants. He was to be a lonely man, a lonely "little great man." For he believed in his star, and he knew he should, with God's help—which he never for a moment doubted might be withheld—succeed. Over and over again the reader of the *Diary* cannot but remark how calmly Laud takes each new victory and advance. There is never that air of incredulity and surprise one usually notes in the victor in a desperate encounter. Laud accepts these things as his right. They are the logical results of his manœuvres. This hill to be taken at ten o'clock, this town to be occupied at two. . . . One is a little behind in the schedule, perhaps, but the objectives are reached at last, and one can go on. . . . And as the reader proceeds, his first feeling of distaste at the man's manner changes into an admiration. One cannot reprehend arrogance in the great soldier.

Laud probably knew, too, from the beginning that the fight would be bitter and to the death. He must use every method of attack. The cause was so fair that all the means were fair. So he would watch occasions, exert influence under the rose, coerce, inform, act the serpent in the dove. His crook should be his halberd. His end should be his justification. He would be sinuous and supple. He would be as stern as steel. Once he could rise high enough he would have his watchers in the four corners of the kingdom. He would know the whispers which went on in his domain. He would send his spies into Jericho. . . . Spies . . .

Oxford was not so fine a battleground as Cambridge. But it would do. There were tall captains of Calvinism in the place. Sermons could be battle cries. Across three hundred years Laud's sermons leave us cold; they have little of the fire that endures. But they could strike sparks in a time like his. So Laud preached. It was probably by the divinity lecture delivered in St. John's in 1602 that he won a mortal and his first lifelong foe in Abbott, Master of University College, the man who set the fashion in the cut of creeds at Oxford, who was to precede Laud in the see of Canterbury. Laud could have chosen no better theologian to rile at the outset. For this fiery man held that the Church Visible had come down, not through the Church of Rome, but through all the thousand and one sects of the opposition, the Berengarians, Albigenses, Wyclifites, Hussites, Lutherans, and Calvinists. Grace had always gone against the grain. [Query: Was he a Scotchman by descent?] The soul of the church had lodged in the bodies of the great rebels. One is reminded of John Donne's contemporary poem, *The Progress of the Soul,* in which the author set out to show how the spark of life had come down through wolf and sparrow, minnow and whale, through Cain's seed and the seed of great rebels, Mahomet and Luther; Donne had intended to bring it on down to Queen Elizabeth, but he wisely grew tired of the queer poem and threw it aside in time. Laud's declaration that the visibility of Christ had persisted undimmed and unbroken in the Church of Rome was enough to set Abbott in flames. When the time came for Laud to be considered for the presidency of John's, Abbott informed Lord Ellsmere that Laud was a thorough Papist, kept company with none but Popish men, and that, should he be elevated to the place, it would mean disaster to the church and dishonour to his Lordship. And Lord Ellsmere took Abbott's complaint to the King as a Christmas present for 1610. It came near ruining Laud's chances, and it would have done so had not Laud by that time won powerful adherents such as Bishop Neile.

As a result of his divinity lecture Laud had the distinction of having a sermon preached against him by Abbott's brother at St. Mary's: "Might not Christ say, 'What art thou? Romish or English? Papist or Protestant? Or what art thou? a mongrel, or compound of both?—a Protestant by ordination, a Papist in point of free will and the like? a Protestant in receiving the sacrament, a Papist in the doctrine of the sacrament? What! do you think there are two heavens? If there be, get you to the other and place yourselves there; for into this, where I am, you shall never come.' " The day would come, though, when the tables would be turned, when it would be Laud who would whisper,—yea, shout and preach in the King's ear and his enemies tremble in their distant seats.

The only red-letter day sufficiently important to stand in the *Diary* for the year 1606 reads thus: "The quarrel Dr. Airey picked with me about my sermon in St. Mary's, Oct. 21, 1606." Airey was Vice-Chancellor for that year. Laud had trodden on another Calvinistic scruple. This time it was the condemnation of the practice of bowing at the name of Jesus. Laud by defending his position cleverly with much Scripture and a cool intellect had avoided a retreat from his defence of the practice. A chance for one of those typical scenes so dear to the university was lost, a public chastisement. The fear of a university scandal being bruited abroad had helped Laud. "The business being bandied to and fro for several weeks," writes Anthony à Wood, "Mr. Laud cleared himself so much that he avoided a public recantation in the Convocation, which most of the heads of houses and doctors intended to be done; yet such was the report that they raised upon him, as if he was a Papist, or at least very Popishly affected, that it was a scandal for any person to be seen in his company or to give him the usual compliment or time of day as he passed in the streets. Many were the censures that then passed upon him as a busy and pragmatical person, and much upon that account did he at present suffer."

It was this same insistence upon bowing at the Saviour's name that aroused national bitterness against Laud later on. Prynne especially made capital of it as a survival of Popish idolatry. Laud's substitution of *at* for *in* in the service was used as a whetstone to sharpen the axe against him at the end. For there were the seeds of hurricanes in these small words. This was the age when Dean Donne could speak of the profound heresies in a *sub,* an *in,* or a *con.* A man's ears might hang on a preposition. His neck could be endangered by an alpha privative.

One can readily see how Laud as he went on in his career through life with his passion for ritualistic details, with his surplices and his facing to the East, and his insistence upon the fact of the mediaeval past, even with his friendship with a Roman Catholic queen, evoked such cries of Arminianism that the far forests of New England heard the sound. Arminianism is the polite word. He was the Judas waiting for the hour of the kiss and the thirty pieces. He was the pander of the Lady of Babylon. He was the secret agent of Antichrist. He had had himself measured for a mitre; that unholy headdress was being forwarded to him by subterranean channels from Rome. The Pope was rubbing his hands together in anticipation. There was Laud's skull cap, undeniably red. Offers of a cardinal's hat came naturally to him, not only in his dreams but in his waking moments, as the *Diary* can prove. Perhaps Laud did always keep one cautious eye on the towers of high Rome. There is the local Oxonian legend that in his wardrobe at St. John's he had his red robe ready for the day of jubilee. So serious was the charge—and it grew with the years and each fresh insistence upon the importance of ceremonies—that serious and sober Anglicans felt it necessary to refute it after Laud was in his grave. So we find John Evelyn on his visit in Rome noting that, far from sorrow, there was jubilation at the news of Laud's death on Tower Hill. Even so monumental and dry a work of controversy as Laud's refutations of the Jesuit Fisher could not drown the cries. Even a respect for an altar could arouse horror. The human bonfires of Smithfield and the Oxford city ditch were almost a living memory. Only those who have made a study of the religious panics of the seventeenth century and of the pathology of holy fear can understand the situation. It was the day when Jesuits hung in the air like banners.

But through the anathemas and jeers that walled him in went this small man with the cool eyes to the conquest of a university. If nothing else, his ability in controversy would have won him the notice and eventually the respect of King James, Defender of the Faith of the North. James knew a fighter when he heard one. He needed men who could refute the Jesuits out of their own books, the Fathers and the canonical literature of the church. He was having a busy time what with taking on the championship of Protestantism on top of his kingly offices, his hunting, and his masques. He was enjoying himself, even if he had made his favourite plan of marrying his son to the Roman Catholic Infanta rather difficult through his having called the Pope Antichrist. But he wanted lieutenants. So he went out of his way to close all the doors of preferment on the brilliant John Donne; for the only place for that man who had chewed and digested the whole body of divinity, between penning poems on the divinity of light love, was in the church. Later on James was to cultivate the talented Cambridge orator, George Herbert, and so add another star to his controversial crown and another cross to Andrew Melvin and his Scottish colleagues. This young man Laud, now, who had been making such a stir in Oxford. . . . He seemed to be an admirable fellow, even if his ideas were rather surprising at times, and to one brought up in Scotland, rather purple. He had him up to Theobald's, the proving-ground for his heavenly artillery, September 17, 1609. There was no denying the fact the little priest could preach. Of course, there was that dreadful business of the Duke of Devon's marriage which Laud had officiated at. And the man was bent on going further with reforms in the church than the King's pious countrymen might stand. Still Laud's head harboured no doubts about the place and powers of kings. And he had all the makings of a scourge of these tiresome Puritans. He would keep his eye on him.

The very next year, 1610, the King had his first chance to help Laud on. Buckeridge, now President of St. John's, resigned. Laud was sure that he could fill his old tutor's shoes. There were many in Oxford, though, who thought not. It would mean the ruin of the place. The hue and cry spread about James. "In the midst of my sickness the suit about the presidentship of St. John's began," wrote Laud. James probably was a bit afraid of a man who so openly said that Rome had been the rock of the church through the Dark Ages. "His Majesty King James heard my cause about the election to the presidentship of St. John's College in Oxford for three hours together at least and with great justice delivered me out of the hands of my powerful enemies"; so wrote Laud in 1625, taking comfort from the thought that, though he was consecrating his St. John's Chapel in Aberguilly House nigh the day of sinister portent of the beheading of John the Baptist, he had also won St. John's College on that same dark day. Did he remember this omen of the beheading of John, whose name he had made peculiarly his own by these double ties, on the day of the beheading of another martyr of the church, himself? At any rate, his first great skirmish was won, the first along a line of advance so wide that even Laud himself could not see the flanks. He set down with a careful pen the words, "The Archbishop of Canterbury was the original cause of all my troubles." Abbott was the Archbishop.

Now, after 1610, favours came in battalions; prebendaryship of Bugden, archdeaconry of Huntingdon, the Deanery of Gloucester from the King. At Gloucester the Calvinistic Bishop retired to his palace with his teeth on edge to hear the organ Laud had restored. The new Dean was a new broom, dust and cobwebs and Calvinism went out of the cathedral before him. Laud faced the East, raised the altar, and read his liturgy and thought of new cathedrals to conquer. In 1616 Laud was invited to take part, as chaplain to Bishop Neile, in one of those fiestas when James, with bishops and the music of masques, would descend upon one of the districts of his realm. This time it was Scotland that was graciously favoured. The members of James' pageant lived around on the country until into 1617. And it was during this royal progress that Laud first attracted the notice of the nation that was to prove his final stumbling block. He scandalized the Scottish people by appearing in a surplice at the burial of one of the King's guardsmen. Home at St. John's in 1617, he set up a great organ in the college to the scandal of William Prynne. He had grown steadily in favour with his King, and so he was able to write this in his *Diary* under the heading of the year 1621: "The King's gracious speech unto me, June 3, 1621, concerning my long service. He was pleased to say he had given me nothing but Gloucester, which he well knew was a shell without a kernel." A crook was in the offing, a sword in the air. And Laud was already on his knee for the accolade.

It had not been all smooth sailing, however. There had been one terrible hour when ruin and a life of failure stared Laud in the face. He might have been left in the ranks of the numberless and nameless priests who eat the bread of better men in country places and read the service in the thousand small and obscure churches of the land. He was not a George Herbert. Such a life would have been death to him. The day after Christmas, 1605. . . . Well might he shudder when he remembered. For on that day, perhaps partly against his better judgment and out of a fear to refuse, he had married the Earl of Devon to the divorced wife of Lord Rich, with whom the Earl apparently had had an affair while the lady was still living in wedlock. Prynne set the bride down as another man's wife; that was not true. But it was, although such things were not unheard of at the time among curates, an almost fatal thing as it was for a man like Laud who meant to sit in the high places. Such a man must avoid laying open any part of himself to the shaft of the adversary. James was scandalized and demanded an apology of the Earl. The Earl never survived the royal displeasure. There was an even chance that the offending chaplain was finished with thoughts of promotion. Perhaps the four years of marking time before he was called to preach to the King were a near Gethsemane to Laud. But he had won through. The day was always a black-letter day to him, however, a cross to bear, "my cross about the Earl of Devon's marriage." It is one of the days Laud listed down, such as that dismal one when he had broken a tendon in his leg, for fasting or other special observance, the days of stoning himself for sins. *Festo S. Stephani;* Stephen had died beneath stones.

There had been other troubles, too. "My next unfortunateness was by S. B., Feb. 11, 1611." Then it is misfortune with S. S. These are more shadowy matters, secrets that, for all the glare of his trial and the gimlet eyes of Prynne, never came to the light. There are here, as throughout the *Diary,* mysterious initials, references to things in a cipher forever beyond us. Who was the mysterious E. B. who first appears on January 22, 1612, and seems like another cross to Laud until 1624 and follows him to the high places? "Friday, E. B. came to London. He had not leisure to speak with me, though I sent an offer to wait all opportunities, till June 16." In one place his name is half revealed perhaps, "My ill hap with E. Beg., June, 1618." But even then he eludes us. We learn that he was married on May Day, 1624, "the sign in Pisces." He came to Laud in his dreams, and a year after, whatever was forecast then came to pass, "And that night R. B. sickened to the death." It is a hopeless shadow. Under May 29, 1624, "I was marvellously troubled with E. B. before they came to London, that there was much declining to speak with me." And then on June 16 of that same year—was it the aftermath of matrimony?—Laud took his leave of E. B. forever. Perhaps here, as in Laud's correspondence with the Earl of Strafford in Ireland, there are momentous secrets in a kind of code. Prynne, of course, would fear the worst. He was the kind of man to whom any secret was a sin. He exulted in a chance to print in ominous italics for the eyes of judges such sentences as "The particulars are not for paper." So with this E. B. mystery; after one entry with the initials, Prynne remarks, "After this he lapsed into some other special sin, perhaps uncleanness, with E. B."

And there was the fire at St. John's College in the chaplain's rooms by the library on September 26, 1617. Prynne's observation on this ought to suffice: "He was very likely to have been burnt in St. John's College in Oxford for his sins."

But now the sword touched Laud's shoulder. James had the pleasure of serving up one of those dishes of ecclesiastical preferment he took such pleasure in: "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and when you have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you." And it did not matter in the least that Dr. Donne had been planning on the deanery for weeks. It did not matter that Laud had been manœuvring deaneries and bishoprics like pieces on a chess board and planning the moves of the future. In 1621 Laud writes: "His Majesty gave me the grant of the Bishopric of St. David's, June 29, being St. Peter's day." The first hill of importance was taken at last, and Laud could look over the terrain beyond Oxford. St. David's was not much of a bishopric, it was far from the council chambers of Whitehall; but bishops of Laud's energy and ambition were not geographical entities. Cathedrals were often best served *in absentia.* His see was the center of things. Still there was some confusion, perhaps disappointment; Laud sets down a comment that the general expectation was that he should have gotten the Deanery of Westminster. Laud had made all the necessary arrangements with the incumbent of the deanery, who was to trade it in towards the Bishopric of London on one of those ecclesiastical bazaar days common in those times and not unknown in later. But James gave Laud the chance of keeping his college presidency along with the modest bishopric. Prynne exultingly called attention to this new evidence of ambition in Laud by neglecting to print at all Laud's declaration that he would not violate the statute and was resolved to resign the presidency before he took up the crook. Laud was as good as his word. He relinquished the college one day and took the cathedral the next.

At Laud's consecration in London on November 18 there were six bishops present. The Archbishop of Canterbury was not there, however; he was under a cloud for having, as a hunting prelate, killed a keeper in Bramshill Park, "being thought irregular, for casual homicide." With what an expression in those wide-open eyes must Laud have penned that dry comment! The Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbott, had learned at Oxford about the metal of this latest bishop. Twenty horses could not have brought him to London-House chapel that day. If there had been no keeper already slain to keep him away from the ceremony, it is just possible that he might have slain one, but excuse surely he would have found. Abbott's day was done. From this time forward, though saved from the consequences of his act by the splendid Coke at his shining best, who proved that an archbishop has a right to hounds and the chase since the hounds are to fall to the king on his decease, Abbott was to pale his fires before this new light for the council rooms of state. He retired to Lambeth. And it was not his disbarment from some of the functions of his office because of his trouble over the keeper that made him keep forever after from the public eye and hold sessions after dark with mysterious agents until he won for himself and his midnight allies the title of Nicodemites, men who conversed in the dark.

The time had come for Laud to quit Oxford. Kings needed him now. He was to be the upholder of the arm that wore purple. The church should be his business; there were more Calvinists abroad; but the state should be the church's business, too. A king, and below a Parliament, to make his will known to his people, the people's wish to the king to see what his pleasure should be, but a little higher than all the altar and the oil for kings. His work awaited him in a wider world and the clear stars of his destiny above. He would not say farewell to Oxford; it should be in his plans still; but one only of many brilliant irons in the fire. So he left it easily and gladly. He had found it distraught with concerns of Geneva. He left it Anglican, a religious English place. A capital and a fortress for the King he could not save, when the country should split in two, the stars of Laud go down, the Tower wall him in, and the friends he might have had, had he not made them merely his aids, far away from the London of his doom.

## *Chapter IV*

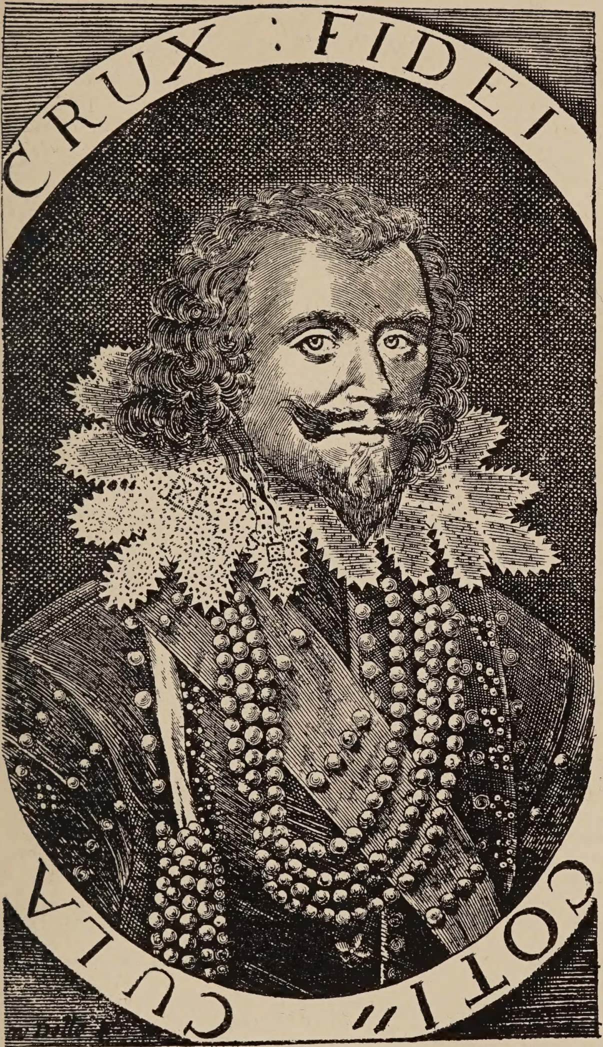
## THE WIDER WORLD

THE most frequent entry in the *Diary* after Laud's elevation to a lonely and rather bleak see on the west coast of Wales is this: "I preached at Westminster." Sometimes it varies by being Whitehall. Laud did get down twice to St. David's, though. Eight months after his consecration he spent two days there and a few others in other parts of Wales. Three years afterwards, in August, 1625, he went down again. But that was after James had died and Parliament had been dissolved for one of those gradually lengthening vacations typical of Charles I's reign, when things had gone so far and successfully in London that Laud felt he might take a vacation in safety. And he was back in London in time for Christmas and the coronation of the King who was really to be his own, the first of the new year. And in June he became Bath and Wells. Even on the second and last trip to his first cathedral, Laud's mind was in London and affairs in Parliament. He even dreamed of Buckingham.

Decidedly Buckingham was a person to dream about in the years between 1621 and 1628. Even the nightmares of the members of the different Parliaments were dedicated to him. But the dreams of Laud about him and his family were usually pleasant ones. For Laud had made this Marquis peculiarly his own by saving him from Rome and for the Anglican Church in 1622. Laud was not so happy in the case of the Marquis' mother; though he had saved her for a time, she relapsed. Buckingham was a person to know first at London, and Laud went about the business of becoming acquainted with him as one of the first things he did as a bishop. Parliament was doing its best to know him, too, but with a different emphasis. He was the cause of those "perpetual heats in the House" Laud writes of. The Marquis' religious scruples and dilemmas furnished Laud with the key to the nobleman's house: "I delivered my Lord Marquis Buckingham the papers concerning the difference between the Church of England and Rome in point of salvation, etc."

The proper person to know. George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, was perhaps the first rascal of his time, perhaps of any in England. He most certainly was the most likable and merriest. If by any far chance the statement Prynne intends for slander concerning a visit Bishop Laud paid this nobleman early in their friendship be true, then one can say it would be very like the man. "It is credibly reported," writes Prynne, "that the Duke made the Bishop at that time put off his gown and cassock and then to dance before him like an hobgoblin to make him merry." The First Duke was superior even to the Second, who was the life of Charles II's court. He outdid anything accomplished by his versatile son, who was

"A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;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The First Duke of Buckingham

From *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, 1685

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

For Buckingham Senior did things as varied with that more adroit effect of insouciance that we are accustomed to call genius. Who but he could have advised the expedition to the Palatinate in 1620 and manœuvred to defeat it at the same time with Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador who had gotten Sir Walter Raleigh his release from the Tower and the *History of the World* on the block? And Buckingham Senior had a larger and more unspoiled field on which to show his talents. He had larger opportunities and materials to work with. He could get richer effects. He had a nation to play with where his son had only a court, or a party at best. He knew such men as Bacon, whom he left to his fate in his hour of peril, Richelieu, King Louis, whom he most foully insulted. He was the sort of man who by wasting the supplies furnished him by his country could win a dukedom. He was the kind of man whom the Earl of Bristol could charge with high treason in a bill of twelve articles, the House of Commons in one of thirteen. Dissolved Parliaments lay thick about his path: "After many debates and strugglings, private malice against the Duke of Buckingham prevailed and stopped all public business. Nothing was done; but the Parliament was dissolved." And yet of all men of his time Buckingham could best arouse applause. Bonfires marked his premeditated fiasco in Spain. He escaped the censure of Parliament on the monopolies in which his brothers had speculated by the brilliant expedient of disowning his brothers. He probably lost his Prince the Infanta by insulting the Spanish court. But he won him Henrietta Maria while insulting the French. He was a noble traveller, cup-bearer, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, Master of Horse, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, Duke, Administrator of his country, Lord High Admiral, and Warden of the Cinque Ports. He was the sort who made a peace for the sport of breaking it. He was a soldier when soldiers went in Romney hats and plumes and lace long over the wrist. His martial career was as full of brilliant reversals of form as his political. His failures were consummately planned. He grew greater with each disaster.

But just in 1622 Buckingham was in need of religious guidance; and Laud had his chance. Here was the future; James, for all his religious interests, was the past. He was growing old. So it was a good thing to be often at the house of a marquis who was the first power in the state, who had the confidence of this King and had been growing up as a best friend with the next. It was a good thing to know a man whom James I called by the nickname of "Steeny." It was a good thing to be able to show him often such things as "a little tract about doctrinal Puritanism, in some ten heads," which his Grace had desired to see.

Not that Laud ever felt any friendship for Buckingham. Far from it. But he had a respect for his opportunities. Laud had no place for friends in his career in any case, least of all for such a one as

Buckingham. There must have been some traits in the Marquis that Laud despised, such as his lack of motif, of order. But there were more that he did not understand. Buckingham was like a great coloured creature from another planet. He moved independently of the laws of Laud's world. But even this gorgeous butterfly had his uses. And having been a Romanist, he believed in the Visible Descent of the church. In May, 1622, Laud charmed and sweetened his Grace out of an ague by visiting him and sitting by his bed. He became his "confessor" in June. Prynne regards this date as the beginning of the unholy alliance.

The years now are full of circumstance; the entries in the *Diary* grow rich and varied. Sermons and tracts to be shared with peers and princes. Doctrines to establish and to send out through all the channels of the kingdom as one armed with authority of a king. James, who had previously engaged Laud in his religious task in the household of Buckingham, brought Laud and Fisher together, as a sort of umpire in a debate; the King had Laud's justification of the English Church published: "My conference held with Fisher the Jesuit, May 24, 1622, and put in writing at the command of King James, having been before read to the King, was this day put into the press, being licensed by the Bishop of London." Laud also had the happy inspiration to suggest to his King, who was meditating making up to Spain, a graceful way out of his having called the Pope Antichrist; the King could apologize by saying that it had all been done in the way of argument, it was a rhetorical figure of speech! He even found time to talk with Buckingham on witches and astrologers. There were special pulpits to keep an ear upon for the sound of dangerous doctrine. There were strong enemies to checkmate in the open and in secret. There was tilting on Good Friday to deprecate even if done by earls and viscounts. In the midst of these activities Laud found time to ordain his "first-begotten in the Lord." By the irony of fate it was a Scotchman. Laud was privy to the momentous and secret trip of Buckingham and the Prince to Spain on the business of the marriage that did not come off. Prynne says that Laud planned the whole thing, as a first step of bringing his country under the yoke of Antichrist. There were letters from Spain to answer like a man who held purple destiny in his hands. There was even a portent to set down: "A very fair day till towards five at night. Then great extremity of thunder and lightning. Much hurt done. The lantern at St. James' house blasted. The vane bearing the Prince's arms beaten to pieces. The Prince then in Spain." Laud had his hands in the lightning of the world. To be sure, nothing came of the secret trip; it did little more than make Buckingham, the engineer of it, popular because it failed: "The Prince and the Duke of Buckingham came to London from Spain. . . . The greatest expression of joy by all sorts of people that ever I saw." But it was a great thing to have had a hand in state affairs. Laud's advice was sought, and it was given unsought. For December 30, 1623, we have this entry in the *Diary:* "I adventured to tell my Lord Duke of Buckingham of the opinion generally held touching the commission of sending Sir Edward Coke and some others into Ireland before the intended Parliament." This sending of Sir Edward to Ireland was almost the most artistic stroke of Buckingham's career. Sir Edward was to inquire into the state of the church in Ireland. That, however, was not the real reason for his selection. It was to prevent this brilliant lawyer, who had really made *Magna Carta* as we know it, from inquiring into the state of the people's rights in Parliament that the Duke had singled him out. Sir Edward says as much in his speech in the House in April, 1628. But he put as good a face upon it as he could at the time. He was seventy-four years old; he did not imagine he would live to make another speech in Commons.

Laud came to look upon it as the most natural thing in the world to stand behind the chairs of princes at table and share their confidences: "I stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles at dinner. He was then very merry and talked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things he said that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer, adding his reasons: 'I cannot,' saith he, 'defend a bad nor yield in a good cause.' May you ever hold this resolution and succeed, most serene Prince, in matters of greater moment, forever prosperous." Incidentally Laud here throws light on the character of Charles. Laud knew the decisions of committees before they were published. Things were as they should be, the church helping the state, the state helping the church, hand in hand the rulers. In May, 1624, Laud had a place of honour through the night at the bedside of the sick King equal to that held by the Duke of Buckingham. The two of them watched the King take "his fit very orderly."

In this busy time, too, Laud found the leisure to give the *coup de grâce* to his old enemy, Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury. The occasion was the voting of Convocation to finance the King with twenty per cent of incomes of the clergy. Laud was strong enough by now to feel that he might in safety oppose such a drain on the church. He was all for subsidies and supplies; but the place for them to come from was Parliament. So he lifted up his voice in protest, being careful, though, to go to the Duke of Buckingham first, on Easter Eve, 1624, and to get him to promise to "prepare" both the

King and the Prince. He did not, however, go to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter was furious; he gave his opinion on Easter Monday: "His Grace was very angry," writes Laud. "Asked what I had to do to make any suit for the church. Told me never any bishop attempted the like at any time, nor would any but myself have done it. That I had given the church such a wound, in speaking to any lord of the laity about it, as I could never make whole again. That if my Lord Duke did fully understand what I had done, he would never endure me to come near him again. I answered I thought I had done a very good office for the church, and so did my betters think. If his Grace thought otherwise, I was sorry I had offended him. And I hoped, being done out of a good mind, for the support of many poor vicars abroad in the country, who must needs sink under three subsidies in a year, my error, if it were one, was pardonable. So we parted." And then Laud writes that he hurried straight off to the Duke again to tell him of the conference; he wanted the Duke to give the correct version of it to the King and the Prince.

And then, dipping his pen in his heart, Laud poised it above the paper and then wrote his valediction to the affair: "So may God bless me, his servant, labouring under the pressure of them who always wished ill to me." The Archbishop was done. Though he formed a few last frantic confederacies of the discontented and discountenanced who worked in darkness, he never again had occasion to show his teeth in public. There was one called the Archbishop of Canterbury living on in Lambeth; but the real Archbishop was to be found either at the Duke of Buckingham's or in a bishop's robes at Whitehall.

There were more subtle battles to be fought also. There were prelates whose ideas upon the position of the altar and the visibility of the church were sound enough, who were ostensibly one's allies, but who must be shown that they were not one's equals. The chief among these was the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of Westminster. Somehow or other, this prelate looked upon Laud as his protégé and aid. To be sure, he had helped Laud into a bishop's seat. There is an apocryphal account by Hacket of how hard a day's work Williams had had to get James to consent to make this "restless spirit" one of the "angels" of his church. And according to that story James, consenting at last, had dismissed the pleader with the words, "Then take him with you, but, by my soul, you will repent it!" If that story were true, it would be entitled to rank as prophecy. But the motives of Williams in advocating a bishopric for Laud had not been so unmixed as to warrant calling them heavenly. He had wanted Laud put into St. David's because he had wished to keep him out of his own Deanery of Westminster; it would have gone to Laud, had there not been the election to Wales. But if Williams had imagined that a distant see would keep this active man away from affairs in London, he was soon disillusioned. No man could have been more in the city. He was in everything. The first Williams knew, he was in the very bosom of the Duke of Buckingham. The Lord Keeper had regarded that nobleman as his own. With fair speech and a pleasant face for the Lord Keeper when they met in public, Laud went about undermining him in private. The situation demanded the subtlest of Laud's indirect methods. Here was no Abbott already unpopular with the King and the half of his church. Williams had powerful friends, he was patently approved of.

So Laud went to work carefully. A word here, a hint there, private word with the Duke on this point and that, all the more deadly for being casual. A thing whispered in his Grace's chamber was spoken aloud at table in Whitehall. And Laud had a justification, had he ever dreamt he needed one, in the fact that the Lord Keeper was whispering in all the important ears he could reach. Laud unbosomed himself to his Grace on that woeful cross of his, his marrying the Earl of Devon to the dubious lady. He wanted his attitude in the matter made plain; he had shed his tears—at least, figuratively speaking, he was penitent, though there were those who did not say so. More than once he discovered that people had tried to hurt him in the affections of the Duke, my Lord Keeper among others: "On Monday morning I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the Shield Gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think I was dead in his affections." Laud reported his conferences with the Lord Keeper to Buckingham: "I acquainted my Lord Duke of Buckingham with that which passed on the Sunday before between the Lord Keeper and me." Frictions increased. Finally there came open hostility. "My Lord Keeper met me in the withdrawing chamber and quarrelled with me"—and there must have been an odd smile above the small imperial as Laud penned the last word—"*gratis.*" Buckingham gave his services as mediator; he told Laud of "the reconciliation and submission of my Lord Keeper and that it was confessed unto him that his favour to me was a chief cause. *Invidia quo tendis?*" The reconciliation, or rather the submission, came to nothing. The whole affair is hard to disentangle since we do not always have the issues at stake. They were probably all the deadlier for being small. It all ended by Williams withdrawing into the camp of Abbott secretly and attempting in the open to conciliate the churchman in favour and the churchman in disfavour. This double game was his last trump against Laud. It failed. He lost all favour at court. The Prince came to detest him openly. He had to retreat a melancholy and broken man to his cathedral. It was Laud who had made him a dead man at Whitehall. Early in the conflict the Bishop of St. David's had set down the first of the dreams in his *Diary:* "Sunday night I did dream that the Lord Keeper was dead, that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him, that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen and he rotten already." Portents of doom! Within a few months that dream had come true; only there was no one concerned about a monument for the dead man. Laud himself was to write his epitaph, though, in the sentence he delivered when sending him to the Tower in 1637. With the passing of Williams there was only one pilot at the helm of the church, only one prelate that mattered at Whitehall. That prelate was William Laud.

In the midst of all Laud's goings and comings in Buckingham's house, James I died. Laud had ascended his pulpit that morning of March 27, 1625, troubled over the rumour that the King had passed away. Buckingham came in to confirm the report. "Being interrupted with the dolours of the Duke of Buckingham," writes Laud, "I broke off my sermon in the middle." Laud is careful to set it down as his opinion that it was the gout setting into his vital parts which caused his royal master's death, though the doctors would have it a common tertian ague. He hastened to comply with his Grace's request for some annotations on the King's life and death; the book was in Buckingham's hands within a few days. By now the two men were hand in glove with one another. Buckingham let Laud know instantly when his enemies lifted their hands against him: "The Duke of Buckingham, whom upon all accounts I am bound forever to honour, signified to me that a certain person, moved through I know not what envy, had blackened my name with his Majesty King Charles, laying hold for that purpose of the error into which, by I know not what fate, I had formerly fallen in the business of Charles, Earl of Devonshire, 1605, Decemb. 26." One can be sure that old trouble was presented as Laud's greatest cross to the newly proclaimed King.

The matter of the moment now was Buckingham's engineering of the marriage of Charles I to Henrietta Maria. Buckingham kept in closest touch by letter with his ally in the church. Under June 12 Laud noted the landing of the Queen that was to be his: "Queen Mary, crossing the seas, landed upon our shore about seven o'clock in the evening. God grant that she may be an evening and an happy star to our orb." He went with all the rest of the bishops to kiss her hand on the twenty-fifth. He was a man of destiny indeed. The old King came to him in his dreams to smile upon him and assure him that all was well. The new King smiled upon him, too. He went with the court to Oxford that Summer because the plague was raging in London. Parliament went also; but it did not remain there long. Called on the first of August, it was dissolved on the twelfth, having found nothing better to do than to renew its assaults on the Duke of Buckingham. As he had dreamed of the great dead so Laud dreamed of the great living.

His Grace seemed to come to him in his sleep and get into his bed, embracing him. "Many also seemed to me to enter the chamber who saw this." Again, in Wales on his vacation visit at his cathedral, Laud dreamed of trouble in his Grace's household: "My imagination ran altogether upon the Duke of Buckingham, his servants, and family." Where a man's heart would be, his dreams lead him.

The next great concern was the coronation. Laud was commanded to meet with some of the other bishops to make arrangements for the ceremony. But Laud did all the arranging. Prynne declared he altered the oath in the direction of giving more divinity to the right of the King than custom or Parliament allowed. There were to be two prelates conspicuous by their absence on that gala occasion. Both ordinarily would have had the leading rôles. But one was to spend the day at Lambeth and the other at Lincoln. Laud must have smiled a dry smile as he made the entry for January 16, 1626: "The Archbishop of Canterbury made known to me the King's pleasure that at the coronation I should supply the place of the Dean of

Westminster, for that his Majesty would not have the Bishop of Lincoln, then Dean, to be present at the ceremony." One foeman had to announce to him that the other could not act at the coronation! The Dean of Westminster saved a shred of pride by avoiding the nomination of Laud; he merely furnished the King with a list of the prebendaries of Westminster eligible to substitute for him, Laud being one. The King had to do the choosing of Laud, not he. There was a rehearsal of the drama at the palace, and two days after, the second of February, Laud crowned his King. "It was a very bright sunshining day." Sometimes nature refuses to give any omens at all. The most memorable part of the day for Laud did not come during the five hours in the Abbey; it came afterwards when the King did a thing which had never before been done at a coronation; he gave Laud not only the regalia to replace in the Abbey, but the three swords that had been carried before him in the procession that day. One of them was the ancient, legendary sword of Tristram, called *Curtana* because its point had been left in the skull of the giant Morhaut.

Who knows what the thoughts of William Laud were when he stood alone at the altar holding aloft the sword put into his hands by a king? Perhaps he felt it was very natural for him to stand there thus, sword on high before the altar of God. Perhaps he brandished it once or twice to see how easily it was done. Great captain! The army he led was the width of the kingdom. But be that how it may, it is very certain that no man ever gave a truer sketch of his own character and genius than Laud did when he finished his account of the day's doings with the words, "In so great a ceremony and amidst an incredible concourse of people nothing was lost, or broke, or disordered. The theatre was clear for the King, the peers, and the business in hand; and I heard some of the nobility saying to the King in their return that they never had seen any solemnity, although much less, performed with so little noise and so great order." Order, there was nothing so solemn or holy in the universe as that. Heaven's first law! The great business man wrote the postscript to a great day's business.

The busy days flowed on. In March, 1626, Laud sat on a committee, because in such a business religion needed to be represented, which considered the stratagem of seizing the West Indies from Spain. A Dutchman made the suggestion that the inhabitants might be divided "in the cause of religion by sending among them the catechism of Heidelberg." Laud had sermons to review for possible lapses from established doctrines, complaints to settle. The King was riled sorely over the way Parliament was reviewing the character and attainments of the Duke of Buckingham. He chid his bishops for not being as riled as he over men who were hurting the church in hurting his ministers of state. Thirteen articles against Buckingham having been brought up to the Peers, Charles went to the House of Lords and called upon them, too, to protect the honour of the nobility. The Prologue and the Epilogue, Digges and Elliot, were sent by the King's command to cool their heels in the Tower. But they were out in a few days. Parliament, as usual, was dissolved. The next day, being June 20, Charles had time at last to bring his best bishop a little nearer to London. He named Laud Bishop of Bath and Wells. On Epiphany Eve Laud dreamed of his mother. A week later, upon hearing that the Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of Westminster was trying to get back into the good graces of the Duke of Buckingham, Laud dreamed again; the Bishop went past suddenly wearing chains; then, having shaken them off, he leaped on a horse and rode away; nor could the sleeping Laud overtake him. This dream must have troubled the dreamer no end, though it was not destined to be among those dreams that came true. Two days later Laud dreamed of his King: "I dreamed that the King went out to hunt and that when he was hungry I brought him on the sudden into the house of my friend, Francis Windbank. While he prepareth to eat, I, in the absence of others, presented the cup to him after the usual manner. I carried drink to him, but it pleased him not. I carried it again, but in a silver cup. Thereupon his Majesty said: 'You know that I always drink out of glass.' I go away again, and awoke." This should have reassured Laud. Later another dream came, the first of a sort of series in this kind, which, had he known something of modern psychology, Prynne might have made even greater capital of: "I dreamed that I was reconciled to the Church of Rome. This troubled me much; and I wondered exceeding how it should happen. Nor was I aggrieved with myself (only by reason of the errors of that church but also) upon account of the scandal which from that my fall would be cast upon many eminent and learned men in the Church of England. So being troubled at my dream, I said with myself that I would go immediately and, confessing my fault, would beg the pardon of the Church of England. Going with this resolution, a certain priest met me and would have stopped me. But moved with indignation I went on my way. And while I wearied myself with these troublesome thoughts, I awoke. Herein I felt such strong impressions that I could scarce believe it to be a dream." As it was, Prynne made as much capital of this dream as he could; he left out rather neatly and with quite a startling effect the words in parentheses. In still another dream a deceased nobleman whispered in Laud's ear that he was the cause of the Bishop of Lincoln's being out of favour and out of court.

There were other things to record as well as dreams. In March, 1627, Laud buried the four-months-old son of his Duke at midnight on Palm Sunday Eve. In April he evidently had found unorthodoxy in a sermon of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, preaching in his twilight the most magnificent sermons the English Church has known, weeping in the pulpit for the sins of his youth and the sins of his people, lifting himself up on the cross of his Saviour and beholding through dimming eyes the shining battlements of the city of God. Yet no eloquence however great, no sight of the city supernal, could excuse a man in the eyes of Laud, whose eyes were on the tall towers of the world. No thunder of rhetoric could hide slips in doctrine from him. His agents were everywhere. England had become a vast whispering gallery. Laud sat at the center in London, and his ears searched the secret places of men's hearts. Charles evidently applauded Laud's watchfulness: "What he then most graciously said unto me I have wrote in my heart with indelible characters and great thankfulness to God and the King." Charles also forgave Donne. In the same month he named Laud a Privy Councillor, and in June, Bishop of London. Laud was come home very close now to the heart of the King. In October he was named with four other bishops to exercise archiepiscopal jurisdiction during the sequestration of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The four bishops were for form's sake, a comely screen. The power that moved was single and alone. Abbott was Laud's man; Laud had taken him single-handed. To the victor, the spoils.

In the meantime Laud's patron had his French wars to attend to. Laud's *Diary* follows the Duke's moves. The news of brilliant successes pours in. The Isle of Rhé is his. A second victory. A third. And then in September, 1627, the news is not so good. People begin to talk of the necessity of a Parliament to consider the Duke's successes. One is convened, and in June, 1628, it votes that the Duke is "the cause, or causes, of all the grievances in the kingdom." But we hear of a fresh start; Buckingham is at Portsmouth on his way to Rochelle. And then on a day in August Laud sits down to his *Diary* and writes the words, "The Duke of Buckingham slain at Portsmouth by one Lieutenant Felton about nine in the morning."

Momentous words, for they change, perhaps, the course of English history. Had Buckingham lived, there is no knowing how soon the earthquake would have come. For earthquake there must have been with so able a maker of them striding his gay stride across the charters of the land. Perhaps, too, Buckingham might have played the rôle of noble scapegoat and ascended to his doom as a sacrifice to his King. He would have loved the rôle and would probably have made it glorious. It would have given a pattern to his stirring and careless life. He might have been another Byron, after the Don Juan years, dying for a worthy cause, to appease the wrath of the people, to take away the sins of the world, his sins, and the King's, and William Laud's, and Parliament's. Who knows but he might have saved years of war and thousands slain? Who knows but he might have saved his King? But now he lay carelessly dead in his lace and velvet on a chance bed at Portsmouth. The splendid Cavalier and rogue extraordinary. A glorious waste!

So the meteor that had blazed across the sky and lighted the feet of Laud into the way and along the way of his destiny had burned suddenly out. And Laud, having finished writing down the bare statement of the fact, paused, held his pen a moment. Then he laid it down. Ordinarily in such an event Laud would have set down an expression of foreboding for the future, a pious ejaculation on the inscrutable judgment of God, or an expression of deep self-affliction. But now he did not. Instead, he thought. He thought of the old days at Buckingham's house, of that dream when Buckingham had come to his bed and embraced him. He thought of the power Buckingham had been, with the King, for an ungrateful nation, with the heads of the church, the ministers of state. The first man in the kingdom. And now he had gone the way all must go. But carelessly, accidentally. He had not known the right way to use half of his strength. He had been too scornful, too direct with his enemies. A great but a careless man. And now he was dead. Laud thought of the power this man had put down. . . . Might it not be that here was that providence which Laud had always believed watched over him? So Laud never wrote the words of sorrow after his entry of Buckingham's passing. Somehow they would not come. But he did add the day to the list of the days for special observance, along with the cross of Devon and the broken tendon, days to remember that he might be truly thankful for having been spared to success.

And well Laud might. For the kingdom that the Duke of Buckingham had so carelessly laid down he took up. There was no one else in England to take it up but himself. He had been growing quickly in these last years under Buckingham's shadow. Now that the tallest tree was gone, he stood highest on the sky-line. The best friend Charles I ever had was fallen into the grave. The best confidant of that best friend stood alone at the elbow of the King. Buckingham's death was the apex of a long climb. He was the strong man, the man at the right hand now. From this time onwards there is a new note in the *Diary,* a note of supreme sureness. Before the entries had read, I took this project to the Duke, his Grace thinks thus, his Grace was pleased to direct.—Now the man Laud leans on is himself. There is no third person between him and the King, between him and his object. Laud speaks of the religion of a nation as his charge; he speaks for the church, and in speaking so, since the religious issue is a state affair, he speaks for the state as well: "And some—for they are but some—are so waspishly set to sting that nothing can please their ears unless it sharpen their edge against authority. . . . And the King's judgment that God hath given him may pull out their stings that can employ their tongues in nothing but to wound him and his government."

But there was need of a secular successor to Buckingham. A man outside of the church who might take his orders from the King and pull in the purple harness with the King's churchman.

That he would not have to pull an equal weight, Laud felt morally certain. A successor to Buckingham. Laud and the King looked about them. And now there is another page missing in English history. If the passing of George Villiers is a deplorable thing, the passing of another hope for a settlement of the civil troubles in seventeenth century England is a tragedy of the first order. For if Buckingham had had a bare chance to act the *deus ex machina,* there was another man who was ideally fitted to go down to the ages as the saviour of his nation. This man had all the steadiness and the straightness that Buckingham so divinely lacked. This man had proceeded some distance already upon the road he might have taken to his country's salvation. His name was Thomas Wentworth.

Thomas Wentworth, First Earl of Strafford, was, at the time of Buckingham's assassination, one of the stout centurions of Parliament, one with Pym and Coke and the younger men whose names were to be written in gold, one of the courageous standing up for the rights of the people against the encroachments of a united church and king. In this crucial third decade of the century Wentworth had struck stout blows in the cause. And he enjoyed a respect all the greater because he belonged by birth and breeding and possessions with those who wear the silks and the purple of the world. If ever a man had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, it was he. He had birth, a baronetcy to come into, wide acres. He was as proud as Lucifer. He was a man fond of being alone. He liked hunting. And he liked the metaphysical poetry of John Donne. He had education; the best that Cambridge could give, the Inner Temple, and travel on the Continent. He had character. His strength of mind, his directness were as rocks in a day when there were too many who floated with the tide. He had principle. He believed sincerely that it was a gentleman's duty to stand up against tyranny. He had a strict sense of morality in a world and in a time when that strictness might make the possessor of it as unfashionable as too sober a habit. Thomas Wentworth had in him the makings of a Cato. And to complete the catalogue of his excellences, he had a profound dislike, amounting almost to hatred, of Buckingham and his ways.

Wentworth's public career had been a steady preparation of himself as the champion of the Commons. Custodian of the Rolls of Yorkshire, he had entered the Parliament of 1621 and had exhibited firmness in opposing the crown. As M. P. for Pontefract in 1624 he had opposed the war with Spain. As M. P. for Yorkshire in 1625 he had again opposed Buckingham's Spanish war; and he had expressed lively resentment at the dissolution of Parliament. So staunch a supporter of the people had he become by 1625 that he was singled out, as Coke had been singled out, as a man whose talents should be used in the service of his country in places far from Westminster. He was made Sheriff of his native Yorkshire. He had stood out against Charles' demands for money. He had suffered for his courage and patriotism. He was removed from the commission of peace and his office in the Rolls in 1625. He was even sent to the Marshalsea Prison for a time for his refusal to subscribe to a forced war loan in 1627. He had made public his grievances against the crown and had cited the record of his public services. Back once more in Parliament in April and May of 1628 he had raised his voice against the King's high-handed methods, against his forced loans and his imprisonments without showing cause. He had offended Charles by protecting the supplies voted in the House from appropriation by the crown. He had drawn up a plan of action against the crown, though it had been put aside for the Petition of Rights. He had accepted that petition. He had become the friend and ally of Pym and the other leaders of a country aroused to defiance by the obstinacy of the King. Although no Puritan, he had found his career among Puritans. For he was the sort of man to put his country's weal above his religious convictions.

And then before the year 1628 was over, Wentworth turned his back abruptly on his friends, deserted all the principles for which he had been spending his pith, passed over into the court, became a right-hand man of the King, and opened his hands for the rich rewards of his defection. It was one of the most astounding reversals in English history. The Puritans were stunned. Then cries of turncoat arose. There is that splendid and sad farewell scene between Sir Thomas and his old ally Pym, when Pym in wrath turned his voice at last into a trumpet of a prophecy: "You are going to leave us, my Lord; but I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders!"

Another of the lost pages of history. Sir Thomas Wentworth's defection dated hard by the death of Buckingham. One cannot believe that it was merely jealousy of a powerful rival that had led him to give up seven of the best years of his life to espousing a cause to which he felt no real loyalty. There were two pairs of princely eyes going over the public figures that might replace Buckingham. And it was about this time that a league that was to last to the end began between William Laud and Thomas Wentworth. This lost page, could we read it, would be a more moving one than the other and more tragic. Perhaps we might read how a mighty and imperious fighter went into the midst of enemies, singled out one of their champions, and brought him, after God knows what struggle, over to the other camp. Friendship the churchman could not offer, since that was not in him; but he could offer power and a duty of a new sort. It must have been a battle of the angels. For from that day black became as white to Wentworth; North, South; and the staff of friendship a sword for the bosoms of those who had been his friends. He who had stood up against forced loans and supplies for the King was in Ireland to create a packed parliament for the sole purpose of raising supplies for Charles. He who had detested illegal force was to become the advocate of a brute suppression of the popular will by foreign mercenary troops! From the camp of St. Michael into the camp of Satan, or the other way, as one may choose to place his loyalty, there went a strong man. And there must have been weeping in hell or heaven that day. There are no entries in Laud's *Diary* on the beginnings of his association with Wentworth. It may be there was one achievement too great to be set down.

That same Parliament of 1628 which had defined the status of the Duke of Buckingham as the root of all evil endeavoured also to define that of Bishop Laud. But Laud was ready for them. "The Dean of Canterbury's speech that the business could not go well in the Isle of Rhé, there must be a Parliament, some must be sacrificed, that I was as like as any. Spoken to Doctor W." Dr. W., whoever he was, must have gone off hot-foot to Laud with the news. And when Laud "heard it doubled" by Sir Dudley Digges, he went himself hot-foot to the King. Charles was magnificent in his comfort: "Let me desire you not to trouble yourself with any reports, till you see me forsake my other friends, etc." So Charles *Rex*. But for all the King's assurance Laud was worried. The affair in point was partly the snatching of Richard Montague, known to have offered suggestions looking towards a possible reunion of the Church of England with that of Rome, out of the clutches of Parliament, where he had been fined £2000 and sentenced to imprisonment, and the elevation of him through Laud to the see of Chichester where Parliament could reach him no more. But another charge that was to grow more familiar in Laud's ears before he died was mentioned, "innovation of religion." Laud was disturbed. And so he ejaculated on the day of the conclusion of the investigation, "By God's goodness toward me I was fully cleared in the House." And when that so active Parliament came to its sudden end in 1629 in the usual way of the King's displeasure, Laud ejaculated again: "The Parliament which was broken up this March 10 laboured my ruin; but, God be ever blessed for it, found nothing against me." It may be that Laud's quill bore down its heartiest on the word *found.* Though cleared, Laud was still rather upset over a paper which John Donne, Dean of Paul's, brought to him from Paul's Yard. Of course the thing was gross libel and an idle threat, but it was not at all pleasant to know there were voices one could not silence speaking thus in the dark: "Laud, look to thyself; be assured thy life is sought! As thou art the fountain of all wickedness, repent thee of thy monstrous sins before thou be taken out of the world! etc. And assure thyself neither God nor the world can endure such a vile counsel-lor to live, or such a whisperer." This was not the last time that Laud was to read such testimonials of anonymous hate. The church had been summoned into the open arena. For this day Laud had come safely away. But from this time on the world would have eyes upon all he did. And there would come another time when he would stand in person and face the accumulated venom of the years.

There were other less trying notes to be set down. Laud had held the boy-saint Nicholas Ferrar the Younger in his arms, and in one of those moments of something like tenderness so rare in his life as to be epochal he had promised to send this small artist of Scripture to his own Oxford: "God bless you! God bless you! I have told your father what is to be done for you after the holidays. God will provide for you better than your father can. God bless you and help you!" Laud had spoken prophecy. Nicholas had left Lambeth to join, not the fellowship of St. John's College, but the fellowship of heaven. Between orders given and causes heard, too, Laud had found a moment to declare to the saintly George Herbert, hesitating still on the threshold of the house of God, that further delay would be a sin. He had sent forthwith for the tailor and had Herbert measured for his gown for the morrow. Probably he was never to know that that brusque moment, in April, 1630, had meant more to his church than many weary years of his building. In this frail pastor of Bemerton he had enrolled in the Anglican fold the last of the mediaeval saints. As an anticlimax, Laud had baptized Lord George, the Duke of Buckingham's son, the Zimri-to-be, the man John Dryden was to set in the company of the immortals by flaying him alive. There had been also two princes to baptize, the Merry Monarch and James, the second Stuart to lose a crown in the century. George Herbert and Charles II anointed within a month of one another, two so unequal in weight! The Bishop showed the human nature under his vestments when he set down the exciting fact that he had the happiness to see Prince Charles before he was an hour old. The man of purple held the infant in his arms and felt tenderness. It was in the stars, though, that this infant should profit little by this so early contact with grace. There were also two fires to comment upon. One was among the mean booths that used to make the stately Hall of Westminster, where King and prelate were to stand and hear doom, a little Bartholomew Fair. The other was in the houses lining old London Bridge. There was the occasion when Laud for once got the worst of an encounter with one of his ecclesiastical underlings. Fastidious as he was, and lover of fine lawn sleeves, Laud had nevertheless an eye for overdressing among the servants of God. He chid a clergyman for being over-fine in his apparel. "Your Lordship," retorted the man, "hath better clothes at home, and I have worse."

The days for Laud were days of great architecture in the church and in the state. He was making Juxon, man of St. John's, into his right-hand man, "that I might have one that I might trust near his Majesty, if I grow weak or infirm; as I must have a time." This churchman Laud was later to make into the warden of the exchequer. Laud went once more to Scotland to oversee his work building there and to thrust aside the Archbishop of Glasgow during a church ceremony for not appearing properly dressed in white. Laud was at work throughout the length and breadth of the land. The sound of hammers, the sound of the new organs. Priests facing the East as they should and saying the right words of ceremony. The Bishop of London had two offers of a cardinal's hat. "That very morning, at Greenwich, there came one to me, seriously, and that avowed ability to perform it, and offered me to be a cardinal. I went presently to the King and acquainted him with the thing and the person." And again thirteen days later: "I had a serious offer made me again to be a cardinal. I was then from court, but so soon as I came thither, which was Wednesday, Aug. 21, I acquainted his Majesty with it. But my answer again was that somewhat dwelt within me which would not suffer that till Rome were other than it is." William Prynne was pleased to declare his genius once more by omitting the reservation in the latter entry.

But more important to Laud than any doctrines established that might open the gates of Rome was his building of the fabric of the rising church so inseparably into the structure of the state that he who should attempt to shake the foundations of the one must shake the foundations of the other. Thomas Wentworth, the Earl of Strafford-to-be, was his ally—Strafford, who, having acted as President of the North, was being sent in 1633 to make Ireland the footstool of the crown. George Abbott could not go on living forever. Lambeth was awaiting Laud and his books. But Laud was more than any Archbishop of Canterbury that had yet been. He was the First Minister of the crown. He was setting up the machinery of two great juggernauts, two courts to crush out the last vestiges of Calvinism and the last gestures of popular defiance to the church he had built. Success was everywhere about him. There was that small cloud of anonymous slander to watch; but it would, with God's mercy, melt away. There were some stubborn and resentful peers who might wish him ill; but he had the King's hand upon his shoulder and the King's nod in his own. The great Triumvirate, the King, Strafford, and Laud. Buckingham had been only a divine accident; his wilful and picturesque gallantry of gesture and action would never have permitted him to be a great force in creating this new double fabric, the church-state. It was best he had gone. In Strafford there was the right metal. These three! Charles to provide the stubbornness, Strafford the sheer brute strength, and Laud the artistic subtlety that supported both. Here was a machine in which the wheels meshed perfectly—a smooth, beautiful machine. A machine running against the wishes of a whole nation. A machine so well fitted together that he who would destroy one part must destroy all. A machine so well fitted part to part that we might call it destiny. A machine of boundless power turning out the very cloth of doom! And the irony was that Laud was as sincere a man as ever drew breath. He believed as honestly in his power for good as any man that ever lived. His was a righteousness terrible indeed. For he mistook his strength of heart and his love of order for God. But that was as it was written in the stars.

## *Chapter V*

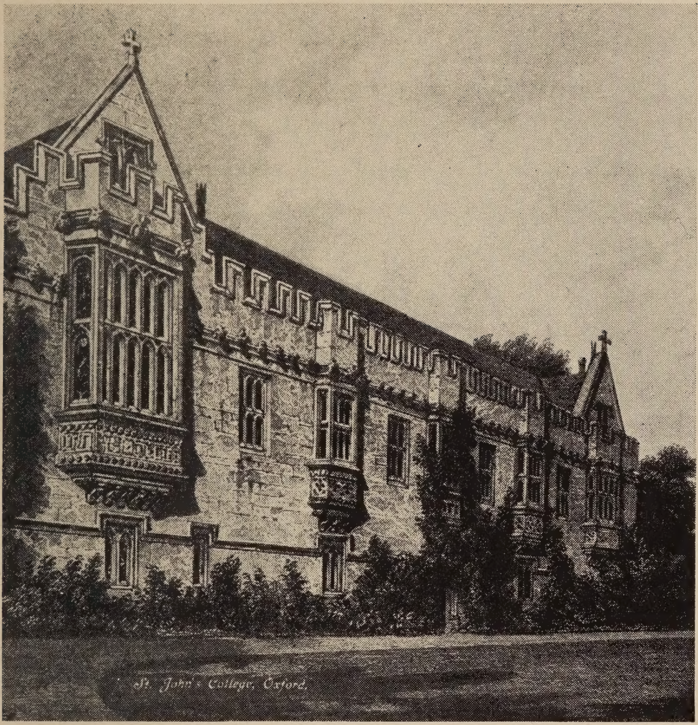
# A HOUSE FOR THE AGES

"APR. 12 [1630]. The University of Oxford chose me Chancellor; and word was brought me of it the next morning, Monday."

It was not enough that William Laud should build a church for a nation, a church whose very life were the words and gestures of vicars and curates in the most obscure little parish churches of the kingdom, whose cornerstones were lawn sleeves and white surplices and a beautiful truce between the uses of the world and the beauty of God, the building of which made it necessary for him to sit with keen ears in the center of a house of whispers. It was not enough that he should be the chief minister of the state at a crucial time when the sovereign power of the ruler was being challenged by as powerful leaders of the people as England had ever known. Laud was called upon to erect a university in his spare hours.

No day was too full of conferences with his King, no night too full of his dreams for Laud to remember the place where he had first buckled on his armour. Oxford, the scene of his first victories, remained a strategic point in the vast campaign flung across the whole country. The university was a training ground for the churchmen whom the shepherd of a king required in his business. Yet, over and beyond that fact, Laud had a real affection for his college and his university. Perhaps this was the nearest this man was ever to come to love. So he gave unceasingly of his substance to enrich this ancient house of learning. He founded one of the most famous of the world's presses, though it was to bear a later Chancellor's name, the Oxford University Press. If he had lived longer and more successfully, he would have established a Greek press for Oxford as he had done for London. As the years brought him within reach of the jewels of the learned, manuscripts and books, he had hands full of treasure for his Oxford. He persuaded others to lay up their treasures there. "The 240 Greek manuscripts were sent to London-House. These I got my Lord of Pembroke to buy and give to Oxford." This entry for January 26, 1629, is only one of many such. "I sent the remainder of my manuscripts to Oxford, being in number 576. And about an hundred of them were Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. I had formerly sent them above 700 volumes." And there were many donations that never were noted in Laud's journal. In the hour of the thunder, when he read his books by the flare of lightning, Laud was still at his business of laying aside gifts. It must have given him pleasure to know that he had sent books and manuscripts safely away from his library at Lambeth before it was sacked by the mob. Anything precious he could lay hold on he found a way to use. The tall King's trees on Shotover Hill, 200 tons of them, he laid up out of the reach of the decay of time in his St. John's College. The Garden Quadrangle there, called the loveliest thing in Oxford, is a monument to this business man who out of very material things could build beauty. So he could write in the great table of things he proposed to do in his lifetime, if God would bless him in them, the word *done* after this item: "To build at St. John's in Oxford, where I was bred up, for the good and safety of that college." "More buildings he intended," wrote genial Thomas Fuller, who could not keep his wit quiet even at a funeral, "had not the stroke of one axe hindered the working of many hammers."

Not in books alone but in men Laud built his Oxonian monument. The Arabic Lecturer is his, the Public Orator is his, the Professor of Hebrew. Foundations for the study of philology as well as philosophy, foundations designed to make men as fluent in the art of speaking as they were adept in the art of thinking keep his name green to the generations as they follow one upon another. Grace and elegance of address and manuscripts for the recently established Bodleian. The voices of the past, voices of the future. Something of the fame of Selden and of many another scholar is Laud's, for he gave encouragement and financial assistance to many who showed intellectual promise. Behind


St. John's College, Oxford

Laud's Garden Front at St. John's College, Oxford

From an old engraving

the poets, behind the orators, behind the scholars, there must be money. Laud, the business man, knew that as great educational benefactors know it today. Laud's life is a catalogue of canonries appropriated to the support of this or that lectureship. This man worked in brick and mortar; but brick and mortar must come before there are the sermons to be preached and golden words to lift one above the traffics of the world. The practical man precedes the poet. Laud knew how to lay foundations for the spirit. He was one who turned money into wings. If there is the glory that is Jeremy Taylor, something of that glory is Laud's. For Laud broke a statute to give an All Souls Fellowship to this promising young Cambridge scholar in divinity; some part of the divinity that the author of *Holy Dying* achieved is by right his.

The greatest gift of Laud to Oxford is the Laudian Code. Out of the pith of his genius for organization Laud gave all his life statutes and charters. Dublin University is his by virtue of his having given it a local habitation and a name. So for Oxford he procured a charter "to confirm their ancient privileges and obtain new for them as large as those of Cambridge, which they had gotten since Henry VIII, which Oxford had not." For this purpose Laud at his busiest in his church and government career evolved a set of statutes which, however they have been revised and overwritten during three hundred years, are the breath of life of the corporate being of Oxford University to this day. He found a confused collection of colleges; he left a university. He found an ancient system of pedagogy; he left the germ of most modern institutions of learning, at least among the Anglo-Saxon nations, of the present time. Some attempts had before been made to codify the Oxonian statutes; but it was left to Laud to complete that codification and to establish a unity in it that made possible the glory of the future. Naturally the lamp of religion he was so zealously feeding he set above all to be the lamp of Oxford University to this present. Laud had seen in his own Oxonian day what a diversity of religious creeds, such as that of Tudor Oxford, could do in the way of sowing the seed of confusion. So he made Oxford

Anglican. And this university, as Cambridge never has been, has remained the best intellectual expression of that golden compromise which is the Anglican faith. If it is true that Oxford was one of the last towers of religious intolerance to fall—for until the middle of the last century members of all colleges were supposed to subscribe to the Anglican creed—it is also true that it was at Oxford that the High Church movement and the peace that was John Henry Newman found a rich and ready soil.

But beyond the religious character of Laud's code, there were two other fundamentally new and, it may be, more vital characteristics; the establishment of the examination as the crux of the life academic and the establishment and codification of the English collegiate system of academic life.

For the first, it is necessary to remember the character of the mediaeval system which Laud's innovation replaced. In the days before, the degree came as a reward to the student for listening to debates in the Latin tongue for two years and the participation in the same for two years more. Theses, declamations, and personal testimonials of one's intellectual fitness—of such was the career at Oxford composed and on the accumulation of such was the degree given. Now it was to be different. Hereafter candidates for the degree were to be examined by their elders in learning. Their fitness was to be established, not by an accumulation of charters and evidence, but by a test of their intellectual development, by a trial of their souls. These in Laud's day were, of course, entirely *viva voce*. But being that and being public also, they were also bound to be as much a trial of the examiners as of the examined. It is upon the fact of such a congress of the mature and the immature mind thirsty for knowledge that the Oxonian ideal in education is founded. And though the full import of Laud's innovation was not realized until the development of the written examination as well and the establishment in the nineteenth century of the honour school for the superior student, to Laud belongs the glory, in its genesis at least, of modern Oxford, the excellence of the examination system. And when three years of one's academic life are laid upon a table, without benefit of books or charters of previous intellectual attainment, one pays a tribute to the keen and far-seeing mind of Laud in that hour of trial. And when one uses a language as decorous as his matter, there one pays another tribute, for that also Laud had in mind in his different provisions for encouraging fluency in the art of words.

But it is in the other provision, that for the maintenance of the peculiar English system of life in the Oxford college, that the Oxford of today owes most to Laud. Laud not only provided for the proper departure from the university but also for the proper way of inhabiting it while one was there. He was very exact in his ritualism of gowns and dress of all kinds, about the use of the *herba nicotina,* the use of firearms, and the time one was to be in at night. If one is amused, or even perhaps angered, by bars upon his Oxonian windows and college apron-strings about his waist at all hours, if one smiles at undergraduates not being allowed to roll hoops on the High, or marbles on the steps of the Bodleian, one must remember that students in Laud's day were much younger than now. John Donne went up to Oxford at about twelve. And so on. Yet deeper than any regulations of undergraduate conduct are those wise regulations establishing the self-governing institutions of the university. Laud made a university out of breathing entities. He made a corporation, but he was careful to leave its parts alive. So the colleges are laws unto themselves, with their own traditions and rules, their own art of living; small enough to be homes and large enough, in the aggregate, to have a voice in the directing of intellectual issues to be heard around the modern world. Laud's Oxford is unlike the lecture factories which are the Continental universities. It is a place where eating and drinking and living in company are made as much of an art as the gaining of knowledge. Living is taught as well as philosophy. Laud made an institution that could act as one in examinations, in disciplinary measures, and in the cyclic appointment of Proctors to enforce those measures; but he left the democratic collectivism of the university untouched in the Convocation House, that had the appointments to office in its hands, and in the standing committee of college heads, the ancestor of the modern Hebdomadal Council, that had the function of initiating legislation. Out of many one, but one that kept the life of the many unimpaired. So Laud could add another item to his list of accomplishments at the close of his *Diary:* "To collect and perfect the broken, crossing, and imperfect statutes of the University of Oxon which had lain in a confused heap some hundred of years. *Done.*"

One of the few to praise Laud of a host of anonymous poets who wrote of him in his later days commemorates in an elegy Laud's work at Oxford:

"Witness that mart of books that yonder stands,
Bestowed by him, though by another's hands.
Those Attic manuscripts, so rare a piece,
They tell the Turk he hath not conquered Greece.
Next these, a second beauteous heap is thrown
Of Eastern authors, which were all his own,

Which in so various languages appear
Babel could scarce be their interpreter.
To these we may that fair-built college bring
Which proves that learning's no such rustic thing,
Whose structure well contrived doth not relate
To antic fineness but strong, lasting state,
Beauty well mixed with strength, that it complies
Most with the gazer's use, much with his eyes.
On marble columns thus the arts have stood
As wise Seth's pillars saved 'em in the Flood.
But did he leave here walls and only own
A glorious heap, and make us rich in stone?
Then had our Chanc'lor seemed to fail and here
Much honour due to the artificer.
But this our prudent patron long foresaw
When he refined rude statutes into law;
Our arts and manners to his building falls,
And he erects the men as well as walls."

The Laudian reforms at Oxford were not, however, an entirely easy accomplishment. Nor was the career of Laud as a very active Chancellor one long calm. There was opposition always, and there were some tumults, not only from the surviving Calvinists but from rebellious spirits within the Anglican fold. Some of these alarums and excursions Laud was at pains to set down in the *Diary;* in particular that one which it took the King himself to settle on August 23, 1631. In his new statutes Laud had made provision for just such an event. He had set the royal seal upon his book and had thereby made the crown the sole power for legislating for the university. Charles settled the quarrel by banishing three men from the place. But the whole affair left its scar upon the mind of Laud. For he was the man who could praise as the most splendid feature of a coronation the orderliness of the event. So he set down, as the last of his days of crosses and afflictions, this day of judgment upon the disorder in the university that was a chamber in his heart.

As a builder of a university Laud was at his happiest, however, among all the great architecture of his days. Had history nothing but his Oxford work to remember, history would show that his achievement here was enough to entitle him to be called great. Laud can stand up, as William of Wykeham and many another mediaeval builder stand up in their monuments with cathedrals and houses of learning in their sculptured hands, and claim the great building that is his. He can point to the greater part of St. John's and cry *mine;* he can point to the noble square where St. Mary's and Brasenose and All Souls front one another and cry *mine;* he can point to the charter and statutes of Oxford University and cry *mine.*

But Laud can point to more. There are behind his brickwork and stonework, his endowments and documents and charters, the intangible, spiritual edifices his solid work made possible through the years to our century and the centuries to come. Not by timber and stone and parchment is this builder to be judged. As he built a fairer house for a religion than he perhaps dreamed, so here in Oxford this man built a more splendid and lasting memorial to his own passion for the holiness of order and comeliness of law than even his clear eyes could see rising into the future. A house for thinkers and dreamers, *manibus non factam domum sempiternam in coelis.*

## *Chapter VI*

# WILLIAM CANTERBURY

*Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns. . . . I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was there any that could deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great.* DANIEL VIII, 3–4.

THERE came the day, September 19, 1633, when William Laud could drop his own surname and write in his big scrawl after his Christian name, *Cant.* at last. For George Abbott had finally gone to join the company of those to whom the sound of jeers is very much the same as the sound of cheers. There was little that was new to Laud in this last dignity, though, except for the name and the palace of Lambeth where he could spread his books about and meet his lieutenants in halls becoming his position.

His moving in, however, was marked by just such another of those accidents that stay in the mind as Laud had been moved to set down before. As he was crossing with his coach and horses and lackeys, the ferry-boat sank to the bottom of the Thames. The Archbishop could praise God that he lost "neither man nor horse," but he could not erase the omen from his mind. It remained like a scar. And hardly was Laud seated in his see before the Lady Eleanor Davies, who enjoyed some popularity as the Mother Shipton of her day, felt called upon to lift her voice and prophesy that Laud would not live beyond the fifth of November. She was had up before Laud's own High Commission Court. There proceedings did not get beyond the stage of an exchange of anagrams. The learned lady pleaded in her justification that she could not help assuming the rôle of a lady Daniel since the letters of her name, significantly rearranged, formed the command, "Reveal, O Daniel!" The bishops on the court bench were inclined to be profoundly shocked. But the Archbishop saved the situation by working out a counter anagram from the letters in Lady Davies' name, "Never so mad a ladie." The edge of prophecy was turned by laughter. Heylin says the affair ruined the business of Lady Eleanor as a prophet. Still another untoward occurrence there was. A man named Green came into the court with a sword swearing that he would use it if the King did not do him justice against Laud. The Archbishop forgave him. "He was committed to Newgate."

Now that a palace at length was his, Laud set about putting it in proper order. "It did lie so nastily that I was much ashamed to see it and could not resort unto it without disdain." The Archbishop had the organ that had been anathema to a son of Calvin pouring forth the praise of God soon from its mended reeds. The glass that the Reformation had left in a dust heap Laud put back in the windows. Among candles and surplices and consecrated vessels men were soon bowing at the name of Jesus and turning towards the East. The beauty of holiness was restored.

In 1634 the Archbishop became the Chancellor of Dublin University. He had also to observe that year that there were great factions at court, which would bode the business management of the kingdom no good. "Good Lord preserve me!" he added. The right-hand man of the King was not the sort that made friends even among his own kind. There was much work for the two courts where he presided; the Puritans were beginning to wag too sharp tongues. The weather at the end of the year was unseasonable enough to record; the leaves were on the trees in December; the Thames was so low that barges grounded; "God bless us in the Spring," wrote the Archbishop, "after this green Winter!" Then the Thames froze over. In the next year the manifold duties of an archbishop were increased by Laud's election to the committee of trade and the King's revenue. Laud had his hand in the soap business; he made an offer for the old soap boilers to the profit of his needy King. Such traffic in the world's goods was to be remembered against him, as his putting his hands into the tobacco trade later on. But to a man like Laud, who made the church a paying financial investment, corporations were as proper a business as surplices and prayer-books. In August there was thick and bright lightning to mention. There was his building going forward at St. John's to visit suddenly and privately as a sharp overseer should. Laud was beginning the enormous repair work, which he had noted as one of his life's projects, at St. Paul's. Before he was done with this, he had spent some £100,000. This, too, was held against him at his trial and not on the ground of poor taste in architecture, where there might have been some justice in the charge. Laud's task here in the windy ruin of one of the ugliest of English cathedrals was hopeless. The Fire of 1666, of course, removed this witness of his poor judgment forever from the earth. In the midst of planning the renovation of cathedrals the Archbishop took time out to go to court to see a man brought up out of Shropshire as a sight for kings, Thomas Parr, a greybeard before William Shakespeare, long in his grave, had been born, a man alive before Columbus set out for America. This year the Thames overflowed into the cloisters and stairs of Lambeth. There was the plague again, and leaves once more on the elms in December.

In the next year, 1635, Laud had the pleasure of making William Juxon, his St. John's protégé and successor-to-be in Lambeth, Lord High Treasurer. He noted with gratification that this was the first time since Henry VII's day a churchman had held that office. So having put the heart of a nation into the keeping of the church, where a nation's heart should be, he added, "Now if the church will not hold up themselves under God, I can do no more." Some months later he had the sad duty of writing to that beloved vagabond of the seventeenth century, Sir Kenelm Digby, who is always turning up in unexpected places with surprising things on his hands, sympathetic powder that could cure the wounds of a patient *in absentia,* a siege of Algiers, or a philosophical treatise in collaboration with Descartes, to express his regret that his protégé should have joined the Roman Church. "I am sorry for all the contents of your letter save that which expresses your love to me." And he went on to give pages of belated dialectic against the position of Rome, closing his letter to Sir Kenelm of the latest-found hobby with the words, "For all things of moment in this letter I have pregnant places in the Council of Trent, Thomas, Bellarmine, Stapleton, Valentia, and so forth, but I did not mean to make a volume of a letter." In August the Archbishop had the sorrow of falling and narrowly escaping a broken leg. In the same month he had the joy of acting the princely host to the whole royal family at his own Oxford and St. John's, and of making the Prince Elector Palatine and Prince Rupert Masters of Arts. Only next month, though, he dreamed that the King was offended and about to cast him off, giving no cause why, "*Avertat Deus!* For cause I have given none." There was also thunder and lightning mixed with hail at the same time. In June of the following year Laud could put the word *done* to another of his grand projects; he completed his book of records of the ancient clergy compiled from documents kept in the Tower.

And the Archbishop of Canterbury next month wrote the word *finis* on the career of the only remaining great rival of his years of ecclesiastical climbing. For tampering with the King's witnesses and revealing secrets Laud sentenced Bishop Williams, formerly Lord Keeper, in the High Commission Court to a fine of £10,000, to be suspended from all his ecclesiastical functions, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. Laud declared that he was truly sorry to punish one of his own coat, the more because he remembered the man's "excellent parts, both of nature and achieved unto by study and art," his "wisdom, learning, agility of memory, and the experience that accompanies him with all those endowments." But the Archbishop had to do his duty. So Bishop Williams changed his lodgings from Lincoln to a rather poor one in the Tower. Laud was alone in the purple. . . . *He did according to his will, and became great.*

In the fourth decade of the seventeenth century there was not in England another man so important as the son of a tailor of Reading. First Minister of the crown, member of the treasury commission and foreign council, Chancellor of Dublin and Oxford

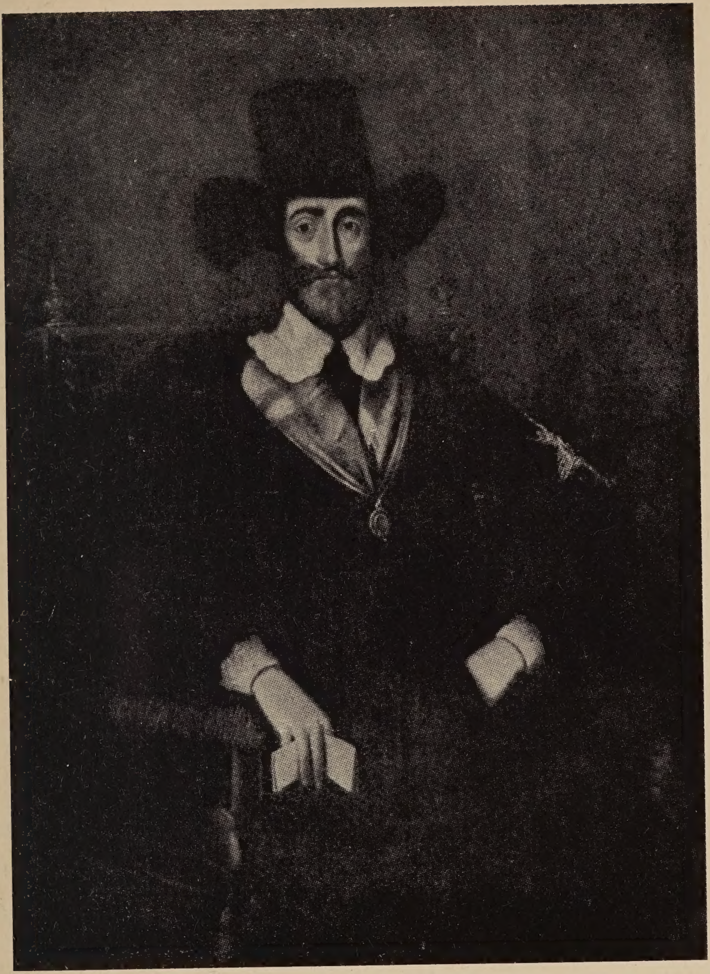
Universities, President of the High Commission Court and member of the Star Chamber, and First Archbishop of England. Perhaps there has never been in England a minister whose decisions were so implicitly trusted by his king. There was only one crown, to be sure, but that crown was really on the head of Archbishop Laud.

And when one remembers that Laud never made any position a sinecure, one's admiration for the power pent up in this small man becomes sheer amazement. Nothing was too small for his attention. For the faintest stir made by an irregular sermon Laud had an ear and a remedy. No parish was too small to be out of his diocese; and his diocese stretched from Dover to the isles of Scotland. The most obscure persons felt his keen eyes upon their movements. He could dress the Commoners of Oxford in the dress they should wear, and he could outline a state policy for the governing of Ireland. To him the least detail of ritual or the position of an altar rail and the metal of a vessel used in a church ceremony were of as much consequence as an act of Parliament. As he could plan, so he could execute, from the greatest to the least details. Yet he found time to live like the prince he was at Lambeth, to entertain, to be much at court, to preach sermons, to write voluminous letters.

*There stood before the river a ram that had two horns. . . .* Two instruments of power Laud found to carry out his will, the Star Chamber and the Court of the High Commission. Now that he stood at the top of the church and of the state, he was able to lay aside his former indirect methods, his subtle secrecy and his insinuating wiliness. He stood in the open and faced his foes squarely. It came natural now at last to one who was all force to use power in the service of God. He was a man who had never changed an opinion from his first chaplaincy to his archbishopric; once he had seen his way, he put his head down and went on his course of strength. The opinions of half a nation might stand buttressed against him like a wall. For these there were the horns of his courts. He would pulverize stubbornness, and by sentences of fine and imprisonment and deprivation and banishment he would clear the way for the white and lovely feet of them who preached that God is love. Blind power and superb stubbornness. He was the ram of God that takes away the sins of the world!

*I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward; so that no beasts might stand before him.* . . . Laud's annual accounts of his province to his King read mainly like the reports of a circuit rider, like the progress of a conqueror. Mr. Ward of Ipswich utters some unsafe words in a sermon; Mr. Ward finds himself in the High Commission. The Bishop of St. David's—the cathedral which Laud so well served by an almost continuous absence—has been advised to reside hereafter in his diocese. The same Bishop has been somewhat careless in his ordinations; he will not be so in the future. Laud is repairing St. Paul's Cathedral out of the fines collected by the Star Chamber Court from wealthy churchmen found to be irregular in their doctrines. "He pluckt down Puritans and property," remarks the brilliant Lord Falkland, "to build up Paul's and prerogative." Laud is determined to crush the powerful system of Puritan preachers that has spread a network over the land.

There has been one professing to "illuminate the dark corners" of the diocese of Ripon by his lectures; he shall be suppressed. And the King approves the course by writing in the margin in a spelling hardly what one would expect of a king, "If there be Darke Corners in this dioces; it were fitt a trew Light should Illuminat it: and not this that is falce and uncertaine." The Bishop of London complains that malicious pamphlets have been circulating against the bishops and government of the Church of England; more matter for the High Commission. And Charles states in the margin that if the High Commission cannot silence such, he will use more powerful means. Mr. Bridge in Norwich would not conform; he is residing now in Holland. "Let him go," adds Charles, "we are well rid of him." Mr. Burdett, Puritan lecturer in Yarmouth, having attended a meeting of the High Commission, has found the climate of New England better suited to him than that of his native land. Mr. Show of Lincoln, having been irregular in his preaching, did not enjoy a visit with the High Commission; he left for New England first. The



King Charles the First

From the portrait at All Souls College, Oxford

Bishop of Chichester, watch-dog of Puritans, complains that he is not so much troubled with Puritan preachers as with Puritan justices of the peace; what is one to do in a case of this kind? One bishop reports that he has heard of Puritan lecturers, but, alas! they were just outside his diocese. There are Papists at Carrow, and other Separatists, to the great prejudice of Norwich nearby. Here are three men who have availed themselves of episcopal censure; here are ten more who did not tarry for this. It has been a hard year for drumming in recusants from Popery at Bath and Wells. Five at Winchester are complained of for not catechizing. Laud is glad to report that the principal ring-leaders among the Separatists in Kent have been long in prison. O.K. —cries Charles—keep them fast. One of them, however, escaped: "Not long since Brewer slipped out of prison and went to Rochester and other parts of Kent and held conventicles and put a great many simple people, especially women, into great distempers against the church. He is taken again, and was called before the High Commission, where he stood silent, but in such a jeering, scornful manner as I scarce ever saw the like. So in prison he remains." And so the list grows and grows. The new city of Boston, on Massachusetts Bay, was filling up with energetic citizens who had anticipated the findings of Laud's High Commission Court.

To judge from Laud's terse year-books of the Anglican Church, it would seem that the chief business of bishops were running down Puritans; to Laud's view it was. But there must have been any number of kindly men carrying crooks who found pleasanter things to think about, even in those days of religious heats, than heresy hunting and the baiting of schismatics. Whatever they may have reported, the things Laud thought important were those he set down. One will look long and in vain for what is going on among the ploughmen who love to come in from the furrows to evensong in Herbert's little house of peace at Bemerton and in many such another parish.

Of course, there are other things to report besides the hunting down of Separatists and Papists. It is typical of Laud that he gives much space to the matter of the physical decency of church buildings and the like. The Bishop of Rochester reports that the cathedral suffers for the want of glass in its windows and that the churchyard gates are broken down. Lanwood Church needs a new roof; the bells are sold. "At St. Edmundsbury the assizes are yearly kept in a remote side of the churchyard, and a common alehouse stands in the middle of the churchyard; the like abuses by alehouses, back-doors, and throwing out of filth, with something else not fit to be related here, are found at Bungay." Such items to the Archbishop of Canterbury were as essential a concern of the church as proper prayers.

Force was Laud's solution for all problems. The attendance of foreign Protestants of the second descent at the English services was enforced. Laud writes to the Dutch and Walloon congregations of Norwich: "And for my part, I doubt not but yourselves, or your posterity at least, shall have cause to thank both the state and the church for this care taken of you. But if you refuse, as you have no cause to do and I hope you will not, I shall then proceed against the natives according to the laws and canons ecclesiastical. So hoping the best of yourselves and your obedience, I leave you to the grace of God, and rest *Your loving friend, W. Cant.*" Kneeling at communion was enforced; bowing to the altar was enforced; the playing of games on the Sabbath, even, Laud would have liked to enforce, had it been possible to do so. As it was, he set his will exactly against the growing desire, not alone among the Puritans, for a stricter observance of the day. Laud forced Chief Justice Richardson to revoke his publication of the decree of Parliament for the sober observance of Sunday which Richardson had required to be read in the pulpits throughout England; Laud did not stop there; he took from the Chief Justice the power of riding the western circuit for his slowness in revoking the order. "I have been almost choked by a pair of lawn sleeves," Richardson declared. When nearly five hundred clergymen refused to read Laud's order for Sunday games, nearly five hundred clergymen found themselves without a pulpit to read anything from thereafter. A master stroke of Laud's was the revival of an old ruling of the Star Chamber, which was later to make the way hard for Milton when he was trying to defend divorce in public. In 1637 Laud established a censorship of the press. His old enemy, the Geneva Bible, the chief reading matter of the working man, the book that identified bishops with the locusts of the Apocalypse, was suppressed. The board of licensers was made up of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Bishop of London. On this board Laud held three of the four votes, two of his own and Juxon's, the Bishop of London's. He had strapped a muzzle of iron on the jaws of all who dared to lift their voices against him in the land. Deaf to the whispers that were growing into mutterings aloud, blind to the ever increasing number of cases for the High Commission, Laud went his way until every other man in the kingdom felt the push of his horns. *Neither,* as yet, *was there any that could deliver out of his hand.*

But there was a young Puritan poet who stood already head and shoulders above the singers of his time in his ascent to the company of the immortals, and he was becoming so indignant at the state of affairs that he took time out—to the chagrin of good Dr. Johnson a hundred years hence—in the midst of his threnody for a drowned friend to turn the crystals of his fine phrases into a scourge for shepherds who flourished their crooks and performed their ecclesiastical mummerings while their flocks starved, into a scourge for that Arch-Shepherd who was turned a wolf:

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

And the Puritan poet lifted his wrath at last to the plane of prophecy:

"But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

The day of reckoning was coming, and the time when a poet should put by the quill and take up the sword of the Lord and try its edge on the necks of kings. . . . But the "two-handed engine," the two houses of Parliament, was rusting away from disuse now. Since 1629, the voice of Lords and Commons had been silenced. And the cobwebs had hung lo, these many years over the doors of Westminster. . . . The Puritan poet returned sadly to invoke the Sicilian Muse.

Hand in glove with Laud, whose hand was the hand of the King, Strafford was also busy training himself as the impetus to throw down the wall of ruin at last upon himself, the church, and the King. He was neglecting no chance to develop the muscles of his arm and his mind. As President of the North and Privy Councillor he, too, had made use of the Star Chamber Court as a wheel to break his opponents upon. He dealt out fines and imprisonments. He had the faculty, as had Laud, of driving powerful people into the ranks of the opposition. Having broken the spirit of his northern gentry, Strafford had been rewarded with the Lord Deputyship of Ireland. The country was a good gymnasium for him. It was a fine place to raise and train an army for the future use of the Triumvirate. So Strafford proceeded to raise one. The church offered a further opportunity for discipline. Armed with Laud's instructions he went about straightening out doctrine and combing out corruption; he recovered embezzled church property to the value of £30,000; he forced the clergy to accept the Thirty-nine Articles. In 1634 he created a parliament of the right sort, a parliament whose business was the voting of supplies to the King. He raised £180,000. He did his strongest best to establish Laud's church and Laud's King. He aroused furious opposition; but he throve on such, as did Laud. Officials in Dublin felt the heaviness of his hand, Sir Paul Crosby, Lord Mountmorris, and Viscount Loftus. He packed juries in 1635 and had Connaught declared the property of the crown. He was magnificent. Strafford was a despot, but he was also a splendid business man. He made a dubious and distracted part of the kingdom into one of the main strengths of the King; he made a desert blossom with the roses of soldiers and subsidies. If he browbeat councils and parliaments, he also encouraged the linen industry, suppressed pirates, and started a university. And he was honest to the core. With his free hand in Ireland he could have feathered such a nest as the world has seldom seen. But he was content to leave Ireland at last hardly any the richer for his seven years of terrific labour. He was content to lay up his treasure in power, to lay up his treasure in his King.

These two ministers of Charles' doom, Laud and

Strafford, carried on a correspondence. They wrote enough letters to fill a folio. It is remarkable to see how similar are the master and the pupil in their views and their methods. They are as one on the matter of church government, the ship-money, censorship of the press, the uselessness of Parliament, and, above all, their trust in force and their belief in the necessity of the absolutism of the King. Sometimes they write some phrases in code. Their letters are filled with confidential opinions. Here are the materials Prynne and Parliament should have had for the purposes of the trial in place of the *Diary*. The presiding genius of the correspondence is the code word *Thorough*. Thoroughness is the word that best sums up their lives of wholehearted devotion to their King. Laud paints his idea of heaven among the world's states in a letter of 1633: "All able and all hearty and all running one way, and none caring for any ends, so the King be served." No Puritans, no debates in Parliament—what a world for an archbishop! Two strong-armed princes speak their minds openly here and with a supreme confidence in the face of a world growing more and more hostile day by day. Two great allies, if not friends, standing with their feet on the neck of a nation.

Sometimes, though, even through such state papers, the human side of these princes can shine. Sometimes there is mention of salted Ulster eels in the midst of greater matters. Strafford speaks lovingly of his children's dancing: "Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also, and they are both very apt to learn that or anything that they are taught." The Archbishop of Canterbury ventures upon that perilous ice for archbishops, humour: "I see you can conceal your infirmities; for your brother tells me you are in the gout, but there's not a word of it in your letter. This 'tis to write with your fingers and not with your toes; had you been to write with these, I should have heard some complaints or discovered it by your manner of writing. I promise you, you can make haste, that can get the gout so soon! I had thought you had been contented to stay till you had been nearer threescore first; 'tis no such lovely companion." The Archbishop even takes a fling at

Parliament in his fooling: "Now while you have so good an advantage, follow it, use your power in both houses, make an act of Parliament against it; that if ever it comes to lay hold of you again, especially when you are so busy in the King's service, it shall incur your high displeasure and be expelled the Castle. . . . Indeed, I do much marvel how it durst venture upon you in a Parliament time, and do verily think it would hardly have been so bold, had it not had the suffrages of some mutineers in the House." He even skates on the thin ice of the pun: "Well, I pray, while you are wrapping of this foot of yours, commend me to the Master of the Rolls, or the Mistress rather, and let them enroll it, that the more you make of it, the longer it may continue to do you service."

Besides his letters, to his bishops and a hundred others as well as his ally Strafford, Laud had his sermons to write. There is not much that can be said for these. Now that the flames of the issues of that day are become as the heatless glow of rotten wood to men today, the eloquentest seventeenth century sermon often makes dull reading. But

Laud's sermons were not even eloquent in their own time. In the midst of an era famous for pulpit grandeur, with John Donne on the one side and Jeremy Taylor on the other, Laud wrote sermons like a carpenter. He has no subtlety of technique; the scaffolding shows everywhere and gets in the way of edification. This sermon has three parts, and each of these parts six members; here is the first; then this brings us to the second—the whole thing is staging. Laud has all the tricks of the Church Fathers, the metaphorical interpretation and the rest; but he has none of their substance of emotion. Beside the sermons of Donne, Laud's are as the *New England Primer* beside Austin's *City of God*. Though he could erect a church, a university, and a king, Laud could not write a sermon. The worst of his sermons is that they are too often and mainly propaganda for political ends. One cannot see the King of heaven in them for the Stuarts. The kingdom of heaven is too much like Whitehall. That is to be expected, though, in such a preacher. Virtue is too much a public affair, and holiness a state occasion. "And that you may see the truth of this, look into the story of all states, and you shall never find a thundercloud upon the house of David to make it shake, but the houses of all the subjects in the kingdom shook with it. And this is an evident argument that the house of David is a foundation, when such a mighty building as a state is shaken with it. And therefore there is no man that loves his own house but he must love the King's and labour and study to keep it from shaking." In one place Laud summarizes his own life work for religion as a state affair: "The only way to make God arise as soon as ever we call, nay, to prevent our call and come in to help before we pray, is for both King and people, state and church, to weave their cause and God's together, to incorporate them so that no cunning of the Devil may be able to separate them." To be sure, there is now and then a touch of homeliness to redeem Laud's adaptations of Scripture to the purposes of the state; now and then the Archbishop shows himself the countryman of Hugh Latimer. So patience is tempered mortar which keeps the Christians together as parts of the unity of the church: "If it be laid with untempered or distempered mortar, all will be naught." "The out-band of the body is the skin; if the body be too full of humours and they foul in motion, the body swells till the skin breaks. So it is in the church, and so it is in the state, when the body is too full of humours." The homely illustration sometimes borders on the coarse. In his speech censuring Prynne, Laud minces no matters: "This is the misery, 'tis superstition nowadays for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his bitch come into an alehouse. The comparison is too homely, but my just indignation at the profaneness of the times makes me speak it." Sometimes, too, there are touches of keen observation and good common sense as in that place where this dreamer and connoisseur of dreams comments on the nature of them: "And you know *somnium narrare vigilantis est,* it is a proof that a man is awaked when he can tell and doth acknowledge how his dreaming fancy fooled him while he slept." Once Laud is visited by the divine flash of wit; speaking at the opening of Parliament on prophecies of the downfall of the church, he cries, "I cannot tell whether this be Balaam that prophesieth or the beast he rode on." But such passages are rare enough to be epochal.

The plain truth is that Laud was not a literary man at all. And it was not so much his immense activity that kept him ever from becoming one as his own nature. He was a business man; he had no time for the refinements. There is a little comment in the *Diary* that paints this prelate's portrait in one stroke. It seems the Duchess of Buckingham had shown him a copy of devotions penned by some woman: "I read it all. All was mean in it; nothing extraordinary; unless it was more like to poetry." And another time when riding in the midst of the poems which Welsh mountains are Laud found nothing more to set down than the fact that it was a bright day for that time of year and so warm that he was able to dine out of doors when he had returned from the trip.

Laud was the practical man. As such he was denied much of the poetry of life and the luxury of all emotions save anger. No woman had a place in his life. His curious attitude towards women is a matter not so much of a lack of sympathy as a total lack of comprehension. He dwelt on a different planet. Even a queen, whose confidence he enjoyed and whose house he often visited, could not make him familiar with that planet. He was a lonely man. But if he had no woman in his life and no friends, he had his parti-coloured cats. Was it Richelieu who relaxed from the cares of state in playing with felines? And once he had a sight of sudden beauty so arresting that he had to stop in the midst of charters to set it down: "Two robin redbreasts flew together through the door into my study, as if one pursued the other. That sudden motion almost startled me. I was then preparing a sermon on *Ephes.* IV, 30, and studying."

And Laud had his dreams.

After this man had laid aside the work that held him in his waking moments, poetry came to be with him in his sleep. In that dim land where even an archbishop may drift like a cloud, where the man that might have been passes by in the midst of the pageant of his desires, in that place of the elegies of emotions never expressed and of tragedies behind a casual gesture, the pathos and the fatality and the beauty of the world caught this man up who had eluded them awake. In his dreams wonder and mystery and fear found him out at last and had their will of him. Diamonds these dreams are, black and white. They would repay the exploration of the psychologist. Why do so many of them fall upon a Sunday? And why is there so subtle and so persistent a unity in them so rare in the dreams of the majority of men? At any rate, here Laud is a poet at last in this glorified account book which is the *Diary,* catching in a few words the gleam of tremendous light and shadow, trafficking in the stars, running over the strings of life with a music inevitable and sad.

Sometimes it is the more usual sort of dreams Laud sets down, those situations memorable for their very vagueness, "I dreamed of the burial of I know not whom and that I stood by the grave. I awaked sad." There are the usual vivid details that shine out like jewels in the midst of cloudiness, "That night I dreamed of the marriage of I know not whom at Oxford. All that were present were clothed with flourishing green garments. I knew none of them but Thomas Flaxney. Immediately after, without any intermission of sleep that I know of, I thought I saw the Bishop of Worcester, his head and shoulders covered with linen." There is that familiar kind of dream in which one drifts from one thing to another, into strange and crucial situations and out of them without effort and without causation: "That night I dreamed I went to seek M. St. and found him with his mother sitting in the room. It was a fair chamber. He went away, and I went after but missed him; and after tired myself extremely; but neither could I find him nor so much as the house again." The circumspect and wasted details are here. And here, too, one finds those tremendous efforts one puts forth in dreams to no avail, one's limbs failing like leaden things the yearning of the brain. Perhaps such dreams were nature's recompense to one like Laud doomed always to succeed, save at the last, in the things he undertook in his waking hours. "Sunday, towards morning, I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback, went away; neither could I overtake him." There are dreams of Laud that have a touch of sheer horror such as makes the flesh creep; as when Laud dreams of seeing a man working on the Bishop of Lincoln's monument and hearing him say that the Bishop's lip was swollen and fallen already. There is the plain and more usual unpleasantness: "I dreamed that I was troubled with the scurvy and that on the sudden all my teeth became loose, that one of them especially in the lower jaw, I could scarce hold in my finger, till I called out for help." There is that horror which is the deeper for coming from some detail ostensibly innocent, the deeper for being without a local habitation or a name, as the sight of the old man lying cheerfully on the ground and smiling in Laud's dream of his dead mother.

But there are also unique dreams in Laud's rich cabinet. Dreams as firm and substantial, as brilliant and clean as the cut diamond. One can see clean through them; and yet in their bright hearts one can see the colour of doom. And there is effortless artistry, rapidity, clarity, and a startling effect of unity which are given to few men to find in the amorphous adventures of sleep, in the inertia of dreams. Such a dream is that of the dead James: "Sunday, in my sleep his Majesty King James appeared to me. I saw him only in passing by swiftly. He was of a pleasant and serene countenance. In passing he saw me, beckoned to me, smiled, and was immediately withdrawn from my sight." Then there is another gem, with a shadow at its radiant heart, in Laud's dream of his mother: "I dreamed that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then showed to me a certain old man, long since deceased, whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke." Here is clarity in the cloudiest land the human brain has groped through; and here, too, serenity and cheerfulness as never elsewhere from the valley of the shadow.

Surely an artist sat in the halls of this man's brain as he slept. Here is the overtone one never hears elsewhere in all his words.

It is permitted to few dreamers to dream of things that come true. But it is often permitted to Laud. One of the clearest of these effortless poems of the night is that beautiful one of Laud's forecasting the death of his faithful servant: "This morning between four and five of the clock, lying at Hampton Court, I dreamed that I was going out in haste and that when I came into my outer chamber, there was my servant Wi. Pennell, in the same riding suit which he had on that day sevennight at Hampton Court with me. Methought I wondered to see him, for I left him sick at home, and asked him how he did and what he made there, and that he answered me, he came to receive my blessing; and with that fell on his knees; that hereupon I laid my hand on his head and prayed over him, and therewith awaked. When I was up, I told this to them of my chamber and added that I should find Pennell dead or dying. My coach came; and when I came home, I found him past sense and giving up the ghost. So my prayers, as they had frequently before, commended him to God." And it is some sort of tribute to this man of destiny that from the first to the last many of his dreams had a logical setting in the events through which he moved in waking. Prophecy follows the poetry of fate. One hears the future speak in the dark silence of the night: "I dreamed Parliament was removed to Oxford, the church undone; some old courtiers came in to see me, and jeered. I went to St. John's, and there I found the roof off some parts of the college and the walls cleft and ready to fall down. God be merciful!" And there are the very drums of doom in the voice of Laud's father who declares in a dream that he has come to be with his son now even unto the end. Such a voice can raise the hair on end after three hundred years: "I dreamed that my father, who died 46 years since, came to me; and to my thinking he was as well and cheerful as ever I saw him. He asked me what I did here. And after some speech, I asked him how long he would stay with me. He answered, he would stay till he had me away with him."

Here then, at last, was music fit to go with the one chosen of the fates as he marched in the way appointed as along a road fixed for the stars from the beginning of time.

## *Chapter VII*

# WILLIAM PRYNNE

*And as I was considering, behold, an he goat came from the west on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground: and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes. And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power. And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns: and there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him: and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand. Therefore the he goat waxed very great.* DANIEL VIII, 5–8.

IF one had called a roll of saints in the seventeenth century, it is as likely that William Prynne would have stepped forward to enroll himself in that select company as it is unlikely that George Herbert would. Indeed, Prynne and his fellow Puritans used that very term to describe their persons. And if one had gone further and called a roll of martyrs in that time, one can be morally certain that Prynne would have crowded forward into the front rank with his hat off to show his clipped ears and his branded cheeks.

This man was the Nemesis of William Laud. If Strafford was to have his Pym, the Archbishop of Canterbury was to have his Prynne. And there was the added irony that his black angel was to come out of the Oxford he had made his own.

William Prynne is the kind of man people have in mind when they think of virtue as a gloomy business, when they think of goodness as a crape. He is the caricature of the Puritan. He is the walking example of all Laud's worst fears for his people when he was trying to teach them that Christmas greens and mincemeat, maypoles and morris dances, were not the baits of Beelzebub, smelling of brimstone. Milton is the true-blue Puritan, a man making godliness seem as crystal a thing as the light, making harmonies out of disciplines, and romance out of the law. Milton loved the riches of the past and the colour and pageantry of man's trappings of vanity; he had music of organs and lutes and books about him through all his days. But Prynne is the Puritan who finds grace in the valley of dry bones and not in green pastures beside quiet waters; he is the Puritan to whom righteousness is a crown of thorns and not the rose of Sharon or the lilies of the valley. He is the Praise-God-Barebones kind of Christian. He is at the other side of the universe from John Milton, and half a universe away from William Laud.

From the first Prynne took life hard. He was a moderately successful barrister; but his law career was a minor avocation to his major calling of mending men's morals. He started out early in the vineyard, and he kept it up till late. When he had finished his day, there were over two hundred books and pamphlets as his fruitage. If Laud has left his folios, Prynne has left his libraries. Prynne wrote more rhymes, even, than Milton. Put beside Prynne's works, Milton's achievements in the art of words is as a molehill to the Andes. That is, in bulk. One of Prynne's books is read by title today. But that is only because even a dry pebble can start an avalanche.

Prynne came from Bath, and by the way of Oxford, where he received his B. A. in 1621, he came up to Lincoln's Inn and the London and the Lambeth by the river where he was to put down his head to the ram of God, William Laud. *An he goat came from the west. . . . And he came to the ram that had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river. . . .* It is strange that so patent a prophecy in the old Daniel should have been missed by the new Daniel, Lady Eleanor.

Having fortified himself duly with his private theological studies, Prynne entered upon his public life by taking his place in the lists against the ungodly Buckingham. But that unworthy man, who was so fertile a subject for a Puritan, having cheated his enemies and the scaffold by falling carelessly off the mortal stage in 1628, Prynne took up his pen to scourge the lesser Cavaliers who remained. There was too much drinking of healths. The practice was not only one leading to drunkenness and lechery and the good Lord knew what else, but it also smacked of idolatry and, if persisted in, might well ruin the nation. So Prynne wrote his maiden pamphlet, *Health's Sickness,* " a discourse proving the drinking of healths to be sinful." Drunkenness, the offspring of this custom, gave the author an excellent chance for the sort of flourish that was to make him famous: there was a vice "which cracks men's credits, exhausts their purses, consumes their estates, infatuates their senses, besots their understandings, impairs their healths, distempers their constitutions, subverts their bodies, eats out their lives, ruins their families, grieves their friends, brings wrath and judgments on their countries, decays their parts and moral virtues, disables them from all employments, indisposeth them to grace and godliness and all the means and works of grace, and, without God's infinite mercy and their sound repentance, damns their souls."

The same year another Cavalier vice gave him the inspiration for another battle cry. It was a time when the Sucklings and Lovelaces went about the streets with their heads all over curls. People called them love-locks, thus combining two sins. And they were getting to be longer and longer. Already they were on men's shoulders. Forgetting Samson, but remembering Absolom, Prynne wrote on *The Unloveliness of Love-Locks* or "a discourse proving the wearing of a lock to be unseemly." He was fond of double titles; he had a journalist's eye for the symmetry and effectiveness of the double thrill. Prynne braced himself for a good start and began as follows: "Infinite and many are the sinful and monstrous vanities which this unconstant, vain, fantastic, idle, proud, effeminate, and wanton age of ours hath hatched and produced in all the parts and corners of the world, but especially in this our English climate; which like another Africa is always bringing forth some new, some strange, misshapen and prodigious forms and fashions every moment." And so on. Now abide all manners of sins; but the greatest of these are love-locks.

Prynne had the gift of seeing in the sin in hand, whatever it might be at a given moment, the unpardonable of all. He would have made a good newspaper editorial writer. Prynne also was fond of adjectives. He usually found them all before he had reached his noun. "These love-locks, or ear-locks, in which too many of our nation have of late begun to glory, whatever they may seem to be in the eyes and judgments of many humourous, singular, effeminate, ruffianly, vainglorious, or time-serving persons, who repute and deem them a very generous, necessary, beautiful, and comely ornament, are yet notwithstanding but so many badges of infamy, effeminacy, vanity, singularity, pride, lasciviousness, and shame in the eyes of God and in the judgment of all godly Christians and grave and civil men. Yea, they are such unnatural, sinful, and unlawful ornaments that it is altogether unseemly and unlawful for any to nourish, use, or wear them." Prynne was also fond of nouns. His style is like nothing so much as the piling up of children's blocks. Bright, lurid, good old sharp-cornered words, arranged in heaps to catch the eye—that is the secret of oratory. One needs only to be sincere and angry and have a vocabulary; the words will take care of themselves.

It is a tribute to the sharpness of William Prynne's eyes that he can see in one small fault all the Seven Deadly Sins. Old Robert of Brunne cannot hold a candle to him. John Gower with his eight books of the lover's sins must pale his ineffectual fires. Prynne is the kind of man who can see in a dimple the pit of perdition. And when he comes to combat the evil he has found out, Prynne brings an army to beleaguer a cottage. He comes with heaven's artillery from the Bible, the horse of the orators, and the foot of the law to lay low an offending lock of hair. He is so unsportsmanlike; he seems hardly an Englishman.

Prynne's usual method of argument is that of vehement iteration. He feels that he is proving his case if he makes the same statement over and over with vehemence and hyperbole enough. Sometimes, though, he does employ the syllogism. But it is a syllogism with a tendency to illicit minors and undistributed middles. For instance, he is sure that all that is not from God must be from the Devil; long hair—on men, that is—is not from God. *Ergo,* you can see where such hair comes from. Its pedigree leads right back to his Highness of hell. For Prynne there is no such continent as a middle ground. There at once is his strength and his limitation.

As usual the author goes on to prove that Scripture condemns love-locks. Long hair is contrary to God; see *I Corinthians,* XI, 14: "Doth not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him? but if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, for it is given to her as a covering." Never mind the *Book of Judges!*

Prynne then goes on to establish the point that false curls are even worse than the real ones. Incidentally he proves that wigs were beginning to be the fashion as early as the 1620's. If the advocates of long hair, writes Prynne, think they have a loophole to escape the curse of Scripture, let them remember also that it is a running against God's will to wear false hair. Out of one sin into another, from the frying pan into the fire. "Because God hath given every man and woman such hair as is most natural and suitable unto them of purpose that they should wear and use it and not contemn it nor be ashamed of it," he declares, "those therefore who dislike the quantity or quality of that hair which God's wisdom hath assigned to them and therefore purchase the hairy excrements of some other person to adorn and beautify their heads withal must needs incur God's judgment, because they tax and censure God and labour to correct and change his work." Whatever is, is right. If providence has given you but two hairs, it is not for you to cultivate more.

But Prynne must find still more arguments against love-locks than Scripture can offer. It just so happens that long hair is a new-fangled affair and violates the good old English custom of the past. It is outlandish, foreign. Therefore it needs must be damnable. For, look, cries he, at the foolish foreigners, the "Indian Japonites" and the "Chinians," men who would rather die than have a hair-cut! Is not this madness? Nay, come nearer home, as near as France, for example, and there you shall find a queen Clotilde who chose rather to have her young sons' heads cut off than to have them polled! Never mind, but here are golden arguments for the upholders of long hair in such instances of devotion and sacrifice. All the way through his treatise Prynne has been trying to keep off the toes of the native land of his new Queen, Henrietta Maria. He finally fails.

For another thing, argues Prynne, long hair is a disgraceful waste of time. "Many are those peerless, precious, rich, and morning hours which divers spend from day to day in ordering, dressing, combing, powdering, plaiting,"—and a worse horror is to come—"nay, curling and crisping of their hair and love-locks!"

And long locks *do* lead to lust and wantonness. There's that fact, of course, to be considered.

And, finally, for a last argument, Prynne cries out to his adversaries in love-locks, where's your pride? People ought to be ashamed to be proud of things that anybody—just anybody—can have. Of those men who boast of "the length and largeness" of their love-locks, he would ask, who is there so mean as not to sport ones just as thick and long? Every groom, "every nasty or strange-scented Frenchman," every tinker, "every light-footed or false-hearted Irishman" can have the like. So Prynne damns two nations to prove that love-locks are common ware.

Then Prynne rises to his triumphant peroration. Anyway, says he, it is the wrong time now to wear an excess of hair. The times are so sad that we ought all of us even to go bald for grief. "Beloved, these times wherein we live, which way soever we turn ourselves, are times of grief, of sorrow, misery, trouble, and affliction, which summon us to fasting, weeping and mourning, to baldness and sackcloth. Let us therefore take occasion from the present time to clip, cut off, cashier, and utterly relinquish our vain, our ruffianly, singular, effeminate, and uncomely love-locks and excessive hair, together with all false or borrowed excrements"—one can hear Prynne enunciate the word—"or artificial crispings, wreathings, colourings, powderings, and over-curious cultures and compositions of our hair!" Prynne must have felt like another Cicero with Catiline writing on his bench. O *tempora,* O *mores!* and the luckless love-lock lay prostrate before his scorn. It is thus that this censor of morals saw the world of Ben Jonson's masques and Lawes' music, the day of gilt dust and powder in the hair, of fragile frostwork of jewels, of gay fans and garters, of songs to Chloe, silks that whistled, gloves that broke men's hearts, curls that made men poets—the "brave," the brightest, most carefree day of silkworms and fireflies, of wit and elegance, the brightest day England was ever to know!

Having settled the fate of long hair, William Prynne looked about him for new worlds to conquer. There was Arminianism to be damned. He wrote two tracts on that. He proved to the Puritans' satisfaction that God is no impostor and no deluder. He established the status of free will in 1629. Next year he came a little closer to his target and wrote in fine scorn of the sin of bowing at the name of Jesus.

But Prynne had not really established himself yet. He looked about him once more. He must have a sin that was as wide as the nation. There was the stage. That should be his theme. So in 1633 Prynne wrote his *Histriomastix* or "the players' scourge and the actors' tragedy." And now fame was his indeed!

There are 1006 pages in this book. It is clearly Prynne's masterpiece. There are, on an estimate, over a third of a million words in it, though they are not all Prynne's own. Prynne quoted, sooner or later, almost all the books of the past to prove that stage-plays are the "very pomps of the Devil," sinful, heathenish, lewd, and ungodly, and that the writing, acting, and attending of them is totally illegal, as also the same for interludes, dancing, health-drinking, and any other sports that are meat and drink of the Cavaliers. Prynne is proud and careful to set down that he is going to prove the drama unlawful by numerous texts of Scripture, by decrees of fifty-five synods and councils of the church, by seventy-seven Church Fathers and Christian writers before the year 1200, by over one hundred and fifty foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors since then, and—he is arranging his proofs in the descending order of importance—by forty heathen poets and philosophers. And he is as good as his word.

Prynne uses in his master work the form of the drama he is damning, that is, division into acts and scenes, though he is rather an innovator in having eight acts in his first part. But then, his material demanded that he stretch a point or two. Though he has acts, he does not, however, observe the unities. He calls the work a tragedy, not realizing, in spite of his legal training, the danger in the use of such a term in the centuries to come.

There are a great number of points in the *Histriomastix*. A summary of them all would be in itself a book. It is perhaps sufficient to set down a few. Prynne contends that, like love-locks, plays have their origin in the Devil, and they personate sins. Can anyone, he asks, hope to learn grace in a playhouse? "Can gall yield honey, or a flintstone milk?" The answer being, of course, no. But there is worse. Plays are obscene and effeminate. It is an abominable thing for men to act in women's parts. The day of Mrs. Bracegirdle had not as yet risen. The wearing of female apparel, argues Prynne, is expressly forbidden in *Deuteronomy* XXII, 5. Or vice versa, women's wearing of men's. He cites the case of that rather dubious Pope,—"the strumpet Pope," as he terms him, or her,—Joan. But there is still worse. The costumes used on the stage are strange and costly, and they produce lustful thoughts. And still, still worse. Plays have dancing in them. Here it comes into Prynne's mind that the Scriptures do, too. But he hastens to protect the latter. That dancing in the Bible was public and extraordinary, limited to such occasions of joy as the drowning of some thousands of people in the sea or the mutilation of half a nation. It was not like ours a thing associated with private homes, maypoles, wakes, church-ales, and such unholy things. And Solomon of the hundred wives, when he cried, "There is time to dance," did not mean of course "any corporal dancing or artificial moving of the feet in measure"; what he meant by that phrase was inward cheerfulness and exaltation of the spirits. And, anyway, exclaims Prynne, how foolish it is to dance after a hard day's work! "They that work hard all day had more need to rest than dance all night. And yet how many there are who after a hard journey or toilsome day's work will take more pains at night in dancing than they did in labouring all the daytime!" And still there is even worse yet to be said of plays. Often they have singing in them, "amorous pastorals, lascivious ribaldrous songs and ditties." Such things as that in Suckling's *Aglaura,*

> "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
> Prithee why so pale?"

And such songs, Prynne feels, are apt to transport one "into a Mahometan paradise or ecstasy of uncleanness." Music, as everybody knows, is the prelude to lust. And worse, worse still. Plays arouse laughter and applause. Such things are anathema to the saints.

But there are some twenty more major reasons for condemning the drama. It is the academy of practically all the evils, big and little. Those who have had a New England aunt of the old school will feel at home as they run through the catalogue.

The stage-play is a waste of time, it is a waste of money; it arouses lewd desires, it leads actually in some cases to adultery, to general depravity, to sloth, to drunkenness, to immodesty, to fraud and theft, to cruelty; it fills the mind with idle discourses, useless ditties, songs, and histories; it indisposes one to his religious duties; in fact it arouses animosity against those who do practise grace and holiness; plays make one fall in love with vanity; they make actors effeminate, apish, mimical, histrionical, amorous; they draw people into bad company; they lead to atheism; they lead to the breaking of all ten of the commandments; they draw down God's judgment on those who attend them. Prynne becomes very eloquent when he pictures the wrath of God descending on playgoers. He tells an anecdote of the English lady of good rank who frequented plays in Elizabeth's day. This woman fell ill at last; and a minister was sent to her to comfort her, to instruct, to advise her to repent. But alas! all the words the woman could say were, "O let me see *Jeronimo* acted!" She had seen too many plays. So she died unassured of God's mercy. "Not to relate," adds Prynne as he relates it, "the various tragical ends of many who in my remembrance at London have been slain in playhouses or upon quarrels there commenced. Nor yet to recite the sudden fearful burning even to the ground both of the *Globe* and the *Fortune* playhouses, no man perceiving how those fires came. Together with the visible apparition of the Devil on the stage at the *Bel Savage* playhouse, in Queen Elizabeth's days, to the great amazement both of the actors and spectators, while they were profanely playing the *History of Faustus,* the truth of which I have heard from many now alive who well remember it." How Marlowe, had he been able to know this, would have thrilled! And, for the last of the twenty bills, plays damn men's souls to hell.

There follows a terrific catalogue of decrees of church councils and synods against plays. Such ones as this in canon 17, Council of Surium: "He who hath married a strumpet or a woman actor or stageress cannot be an elder, a bishop, or a deacon, nor yet in the number of the clergy." After this Prynne sets up very limp straw dummies in the way of arguments in favour of plays and knocks them all down with ease. He dismisses the argument that plays may sometimes have poetry and history in them by saying that these make them all the more dangerous; they put the honey of eloquence into the poison to make it the more palatable.. Part two adds nothing new to the argument. It is part one dished up again with different authorities. Prynne attempts to show how plays are unlawful to all Christians. They present bad people chiefly, he reiterates; and when they do deign to have the godly come upon the stage, it is only to make fun of them. Even such saintly persons as the Puritan lecturers, busy as bees now throughout the kingdom, have been known to be presented thus: "Professors of religion are brought upon the stage, as now too oft they are, . . . only to deride and jeer them." Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy answer Ben Jonson, the Poet Laureate, at last.

All through the long work Prynne has tried hard to keep his invective from becoming personal, but when one has a court and a queen given to the ungodly fashion of masques and plays, what can one do? If queens are found in the company of goats, so much the worse for queens. Without actually calling names Prynne has said a great deal from the depths of his own and other Puritan hearts on the general subject of the drama cankering the country's heart, the court of Charles I.

The *Histriomastix* made William Prynne. In the Star Chamber Court in 1634 Prynne was sentenced for libel to pay a fine of £5000, to have his name stricken from the rolls of Oxford University and Lincoln's Inn, to have his book publicly burned, to stand twice in the pillory, to lose the better part of both ears, and to be imprisoned for life. Laud remarked on that occasion that he might have added excommunication to Prynne's sentence, "but seeing he is to be immured, the church will have so much charity as to afford him her prayers—more than he hath deserved at her hands."

One might almost think the Archbishop of Canterbury had lost his temper. Laud had probably had an eye on this man for some time. The critic of the custom of bowing at the name of the King of heaven would know better hereafter than to be the critic of the Queen of England. Feeling perhaps that the sentence was not quite adequate, Laud also censured the young author in a speech in the Star Chamber. He was pleased to take issue with some of Prynne's arguments. There was not, he averred, one true syllogism in the whole book, "Either the proposition is false or else, if he chances to make a true conclusion, then it is false by accident." And, cries he, look at the churchmen who have written plays! Gregory Nazianzen with his *Christus Patiens,* Causinus, John Foxe with his *Christus Triumphans!* "I speak not this," says he, "to maintain plays. Look into my life—I was never play-hunter." Laud then has recourse to an *argumentum ad hominem,* to balance Prynne's distraught syllogisms; he dares to charge the Puritans themselves with playgoing: "I have observed at court some Puritans to be at a play because they would not be thought Puritans; and for better testimony that they have been there have stood under the candlestick and been dropped on by candles, and so have carried away a remembrance of the place." Laud is almost as distracted in his argumentation as Prynne is.

Prynne was not to be silenced so easily, though. He wrote Laud what the Archbishop was pleased to call another piece of libel in the way of a letter in answer to Laud's censure of the *Histriomastix*. Laud took it straight to the King and then to Attorney Noy. The Attorney had Mr. Prynne in and demanded if the letter was his. Prynne perhaps saw a new sentence in the offing. He asked to be shown the thing to see if by any chance it could be in his hand. When the letter was in his fingers, he tore it into little bits and threw the bits out of the window. There, said he, was one piece of writing that would not be used against him. Noy brought Prynne back again to the Star Chamber, "where all this appeared with shame enough to Mr. Prynne," writes Laud. The Archbishop was magnanimous enough to forgive him this last slip.

In the meantime, though, Prynne's sentence was carried out—all save the financial part of it. Prynne had, for all the brief popularity of his study of the drama, not that much money in the world. He was sent to lodge in the Tower.

Unfortunately, paper and pen had not been taken away from him by his sentence. After something more than a year there was a query from the Tower once more on the old subject of the advisability of bowing at the name of the Saviour. Then followed *The Looking-Glass for All Lordly Prelates* in 1637. Then a query on the position of the altar. And then, in 1637 also, a bolder book still, *A Breviate of the Prelates' Intolerable Usurpations upon the King's Prerogative Royal and the Subjects' Liberties.* Prynne had had a taste of martyrdom. He was longing for more. He had put his head down squarely before the head of the English Church. He was speaking for some millions of people now, people who had begun to find their voice at last.

Prynne's hunger was satisfied and quickly. With two other Puritans who had been indulging in pamphleteering, Burton and Bastwick, he was had up again before the Star Chamber on June 14, 1637, and censured for libels against the hierarchy of the church. "Mr. Prynne," wrote Laud in his address to the King on that occasion, "may seek all the inns of court, and with a candle, too, if he will, and scarce find such a malevolent as himself against state and church." And under June 30 there is in Laud's *Diary* the terse notice: "The above-mentioned three libellers lost their ears." For Prynne this meant the removal of what had been left from the other sentence, another fine of £5000 also, and a brand on both cheeks as well. There was no possibility of mistaking the martyr of the people now. As Prynne had already been sentenced to life imprisonment, there could be no increment here. But he was pilloried for a longer time. In a letter to Strafford Laud declares that it was a scandal to the nation to see how Prynne had been allowed to talk while standing with his clipped head locked in his wooden collar and how he had received acclamation from the people and how notes of what he had said had been taken down and spread in written copies through the city. It was rather too bad that the pillory had not been a bit tighter.

Laud found some interesting reading matter, too, in the weeks that followed. Somebody brought him a handbill from the cross in Cheapside to the effect that the Arch-Wolf of Canterbury was prosecuting saints and spilling the blood of martyrs. Someone else found a sign stuck up on St. Paul's reading *The Devil has let this house to Laud.* Another bill declared that the Church of England was a snuffed candle going out in a stench. Laud was that stench. The Lord Mayor even sent the notice he had found —Laud's speech set in a kind of little pillory. Somebody burst into verse.

But the Archbishop was to have a well-earned rest. There followed a silence of nearly three years. It is possible that Prynne wrote pieces of ecclesiastical criticism during this period; but having been transferred to the Isle of Jersey, he found it difficult to get in touch with a printer. But his heart was like living coals under this ash of silence. He had but a single aim in life now. It was not the extermination of the drama. It was the extermination of Archbishop Laud.

Prynne had the leisure now to turn to the muse he had neglected for the pursuit of martyrdom. To be sure, he had found time in the Tower to do one or two little things in rhyme, such as *Comfortable Cordials* and *The Soul's Complaint.* The piety of these pieces is praiseworthy, if nothing else is. It may be, though, that their serenity is rather misleading, considering what followed. One of the poems is addressed to Prynne's jailer, Sir William Balfour; the other is addressed to his wife. The life of a lieutenant of the Tower was not without its rewards, its nosegays. But these were trifles, dashed off between paragraphs on religious subjects or paragraphs on Anglican prelates. William Prynne did not really cultivate the muses intensively until the coolness and quiet of Jersey Castle had left their mark on his soul.

The rocks of the Jersey landscape awoke to eloquence. In particular, Mount Orgueil, the rock Prynne's house was perched upon, thrust itself up into song. Its singer, though, unlike other poets one could name, was careful always never to allow natural grandeur to soar too high above the moral:

"O let this castle on a rock inure
Our souls to build on Christ, a rock most sure,

A castle, fortress, bulwark, hold, and tower
Above the reach of foes or human power,
And let this mount up which we daily climb
Advance our thoughts to objects more sublime!"

Prynne addressed this poem on rocks to his new host, Sir Phillip Carteret, Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Jersey.

And then, that there might be no rift in the family from jealousy, Prynne addressed his next poem to Sir Phillip's wife, Anne. Here his subject was still rocks, but *Rocks Improved.* As his title warned, Prynne made even more of his moral than before. Though his subtitle reads "poetical meditations on qualities of rocks," the poet everywhere improved on nature. Such lines as these stand out:

"Rocks oft times harbours make for ships to ride
In safety both from pirates, storms, winds, tide.
So Christ our rock an harbour is to all
Who fly to him or for help on him call."

Though the metre halts a little in the last line here, the artistry with which the singer gets from the third line to the fourth is really splendid. There is never any mistaking of Prynne's idea:

"All men on rocks may safely build and rest,
And of all trusty friends the saints are best."

There is the limpid translucency of glass in Prynne's verses. If one may say that here, as in his ambitious analysis of the drama or his study of curls, the author tends rather to lean hard on nouns in untutored rows, one may also say that the sincerity of the man is beyond dispute.

The poet looked about for new subjects for dedications. Sir Phillip had a daughter Elizabeth. She should have her poem, too. Hers should be a song of the sea—not too much sea, but just enough to float a full-sized moral. So Prynne wrote *A Christian Sea-Card* for her:

"The sea's the way, means, pass to transport
Men to those ports to which they would resort.

Christ's blood's the sea, way, ship which men con-
voys
From earth to heaven and eternal joys."

The construction may become somewhat involved, but the moral remains as straight as a string through every possible kind of analogy. When Prynne has finished, if there is anything about the sea that might remind one of a Christian and he has omitted it, it is an obscure quality indeed.

There were two more daughters. Prynne was not discouraged. He decided that the qualities of a garden would lend themselves to the cause of Christian rectitude. So he penned *A Christian Paradise:*

"Each plant, herb, root, grass, flower which doth
grow
In gardens God's almighty power forth show."

Whatever befall grammar, however closely the verse may resemble a seed-catalogue of the Spring, Prynne will do his duty by his original idea:

"Weeds in a garden are a loathsome thing;
And though we cannot hinder them to spring
Up there, yet still we root them up with speed—"

so the lines flow on to the end.

Whatever else one might say of Prynne's verses, one could never include them among amorous ditties found in plays that conduct one to a Mahometan heaven. There was not a jailer of Prynne's, or a member of any jailer's family, without reminders that eloquence can be godly and that the muse can flourish even in prison walls.

But there came a day at last, in November of 1640, when prison doors burst suddenly open and saints emerged to the light of day to take up once more their saintly work, when the kingdom was coming and the day of jubilee was at hand. By vote of Parliament all Prynne's many sentences were declared illegal. The muse could take a well-earned rest. Prynne was sent for to come hot-foot to London. The air was running with electricity. Londoners needed to have Prynne present when they cried, "How hath Master Prynne, that admired lawyer whose pious and godly conversation is transcendent above most, yet had his ears twice clipped, his cheeks burnt with an hot iron, his books burnt before his face!" Parliament needed a man like him to walk about the streets where people could see his marks of martyrdom every hour to remind them of the day of the coming of the Lord.

Back in liberty and in London, Prynne had one great task to which he devoted himself. Like a paean of triumph his pen proclaimed that lord bishops were none of the Lord's bishops, that prelates were the King's peril, that there were new discoveries made of the tyranny of prelates, and that the day of wrath for the church was here. When the bishops were down, Prynne turned upon the builder of bishops and the clipper of his ears. *And there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him.* Prynne seized Laud's *Diary* and published it. It was a triumph of editing. Prynne knew how to leave out passages artistically. And it helped along matters at the trial to have Laud's dreams and omens printed that so clearly pointed to the decision which the judges were expected to reach. Next to the *Histriomastix,* the *Breviate of the Life of William Laud* is Prynne's *magnum opus.* In a way it finished the task that the former masterpiece had indirectly begun. It finished Laud.

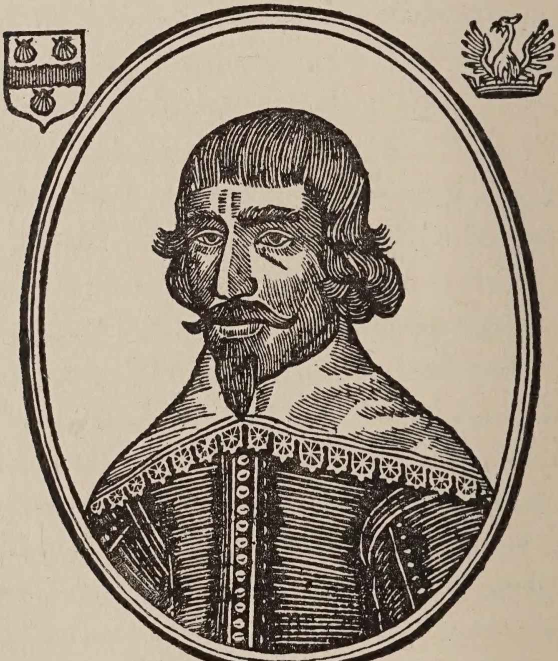
It is a pity that William Prynne did not go home after that cloudy Winter day which completed his real life's work, lie down upon his bed, fall sick, and die amidst the almost universal expressions of sorrow at his decease. Prynne should have died with Hampden and Pym in the hour of glory. For the rest of Prynne's life is decidedly an anticlimax. He is the hero who lives beyond act five, the martyr who survives the fire. He is the Nemesis who outlives retribution. One after another of the things he had seen demolished he lived to see restored; and, what is sadder, he lived to applaud the restoration. At the last of his life he could even see a bishop without thinking either of a wolf or a locust of the Apocalypse. It was all a mistake.

To be sure, for two years after the accomplishment of his life work Prynne was happily busy at the task set for him by a grateful Parliament, the writing of the first volume of a history of Laud's doom. But after its publication in 1646, the sunshine seems to have gone out of his life. Of a sudden Prynne discovered that he was supporting a completely successful cause. The opposition was well-nigh prostrate. One could no longer feel himself a martyr. This would never do. He began to see flaws in that hitherto flawless instrument of God, the Parliament. He began to see flaws in those jewels of righteousness, the saints themselves. For behold, the Presbyterians would replace one hierarchy by another. He had helped to shatter bishops only to see new being set up. And suddenly the army that had been the righteous scourge in the hands of the godly began to scourge the godly. So there were pamphlets of a new sort to write, against Parliament, against the army, against taxes payable to the Commonwealth, especially the tax on hops, against almost everything. The supporter of popular causes found himself once more supporting unpopular ones. He defended the King. He tried to prevent the logical outcome of his earlier handiwork on the bishops. He was against the government in everything. He even re-examined his conscience and discovered that plays were not the source of all evil that he had once thought them to be; 1006 lost pages! He retracted his *Histriomastix* in 1649. He probably did it to spite his friends. His days were full of retractions.

In 1649, too, Prynne declared that he would pay no taxes; that neither law nor conscience could make him. He was really an embarrassment to his late friends. So his late friends put him back in the place he had grown so accustomed to when he lived in the midst of his enemies, prison. Laud and his crew had at least given him a trial, though it had been distinctly the Star Chamber sort. But his friends did not bother with a trial at all. Perhaps they had seen the mischief of such in the case of such a man. Who knows but a trial would have restored something of his former popularity? Prynne spent three years in jail. One hears his voice in a pamphlet demanding to know what kind of a prisoner he is and whose. Nobody enlightened him. Prisons, though, never could cure this man. On his release in 1653 he sat down to draw a comparison between Oliver Protector and Richard III. He had grown so bitter by 1657 that he could even defend the Last Supper. And he also attacked the Quakers, the fortifications of England, and the "Good Old Cause." In May, 1658, he forced his way into the House of Commons; and they could get rid of him only by adjournment. One can see how difficult a thing it is to have a saint on one's hands.

When the excluded members came back into Parliament, Prynne marched at their head. Then came the Restoration, Monk's approval of Prynne, and the personal thanks of Charles II for Prynne's defence of his ill-starred father. Prynne was in clover again. He could write a tract on the signal loyalty of God's true saints to their King. He who had made things so hot for the Commonwealth was hailed by the Royalists as the Cato of the age. He became M. P. for Bath, 1660. Still popularity never could spoil such a man as Prynne. He found immediately new things to oppose, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Act of Indemnity. The Speaker had to reprimand him for a speech against the Corporation Bill. Some little part of the old glory remained. But Prynne's magnificent output of pamphlets thins after 1660. He is growing old. There are still Quakers to be scourged by one who in his green years advocated going even without hair as a rebuke to the wickedness of the times. But strength was failing, and the pulse growing slow. New heats were glowing, so new and foreign to an old warrior that he could not decide which was the unpopular side to take. The Bible seemed to be growing old-fashioned as a handbook of politics. Prynne withdrew to his work of keeping the records of the Tower, his old home, and Laud's, and home of many another whom he had loved and hated when the world had been young. He published one more monumental work, *Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva,* in 1662. But the fire had gone out of the taste of life on his tongue. His years were a heap upon him. Perhaps he grew to envy Laud, at last, fallen asleep suddenly in the sudden ruination of the world he had built. He saw himself forgotten by those who had new men to hate. Respected, quiet, forgotten. He died in 1669.

It had all been a mistake. The real Prynne, the Prynne everlasting, was the man hurrying up from the Isle of Jersey to London in November of 1640 like a flame descending on Gomorrah, like an angel of vengeance, like an angel of the wrath of God.



William Prynne

From *A Terrible Outcry Against the Loitering Exalted Prelates*, 1641

## *Chapter VIII*

# THE SOUND OF THUNDER

"MOST extreme thunder and lightning. The lightning so thick, bright, and frequent that I ever saw." Laud was careful to set down in his *Diary* such notes on the state of the weather. But the most tremendous thunderstorm he was ever to record was not in the clouds over London. It was in Scotland. And it is thus that Laud commemorates it in April, 1638: "The tumults in Scotland about the service-book offered to be brought in began July 23, 1637, and continued increasing by fits and hath now brought that kingdom in danger. No question but there's a great concurrence between them and the Puritan party in England. A great aim there to destroy me in the King's opinion."

It is strange that no vane fell from its gable, no picture slipped from the wall as Laud, the man whom portents loved to gather around, sat in his Lambeth study one evening with a little new book of his making in his fastidious hands. The delicate hands had been busy at building a church into a state, and the little book was a very important one for all its size. It was the keystone of a whole arch. It was the book of prayer for Scotland.

This book was the culmination of years of building in a distracted land. From the time of that first visit in Scotland with James, Laud had been labouring to bring beauty and order into the very fortress of Calvinism. One after another, he had been filling the vacancies in the church with men who wore white, faced the East, and looked to London for their orders. Murmurs had come down on the northern winds, but Laud had gone majestically on. Charles had been won to Laud's design of having the bishops who knew how to wear white sit on the Council Board in Edinburgh and speak for the state as well as the church. Men in surplices were handling the finances and the courts of England. Why should they not do the same for Scotland? Bishop Spottiswoode of St. Andrews, hall-marked with the Laudian stamp, became Lord Chancellor. The murmuring grew and rose to the mutter of a storm.

Laud as he grew into power made no secret of his plans for Scotland. He spoke his mind. Reformation in Scotland?—deformation, declared he, was the proper word. And out of the disorder of the North seeds of the rank weeds of Calvinism were being scattered abroad into fair English fields. The Puritan professors were getting their inspiration to obstinacy and boldness from the Presbyterians. He must stamp out the last weeds in that northern field. He must fix once and for all the form of its religion; he must relegate the sermon to its proper and subordinate place. He sat down with his pen. There should be no vagueness about this book. The ritualism of the English prayer-book left a chance for opinion. This book should be a command. The altar's place was one and immovable, the worshippers must face the source of light. Laud got the King to send forth an order. He started the presses. Now the book was annotated and complete. The noise in the North was as thunder rising. Charles' answer, Laud's answer to it was a decree that every parish in Scotland should buy two copies of this new book. And now the Archbishop of Canterbury sat with his masterpiece in his slender hands.

Where was the gale hiding that it did not fall upon Lambeth like an omen? What was the lightning doing that it did not flash on Laud through the great windows on the left? Was there no coach to overturn? Was there in the ordered halls of Laud's mind no dream to write by night with wristless fingers over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the palace mysterious words of fire? For every verse in that small book in Canterbury's hands there was a blade being sharpened. Where every word of it should fall on the soil of Scotland an armed man would spring up. Behind that innocent-looking volume were host on host the armies of the Scottish Covenanters. Behind that book were curses and the solemn oaths of the League and Covenant. Behind those prayers there was blood.

Laud set the date for the lightning, July 24, 1638.

On that day Laud's service-book was to be used in all the churches of Scotland. It was not. But it was used at Edinburgh with surprising effect. No word of it could be heard for the catcalls and groans. God's house became a Bedlam. Jenny Geddes threw a three-legged stool at the head of the Dean, and hit him. By that act she attained a northern sainthood. The Bishop had to go back to his palace behind a screen of soldiers. In London the King was raging. Laud became purple. Parliament did not extend a vote of thanks to the city of Edinburgh for the reason that Parliament was not in session. But many Parliament members-to-be must have spent the week in sheer joy. Nearly the whole population of London applauded so openly that the applause must have reached Lambeth and Whitehall. The shadow of civil war was rushing down like a cloud from the North, and London was full of joy. But not even now did the King or the Archbishop of Canterbury know the nature of lightning.

The King's jester, Archy Armstrong, relict of the lolling affection of James I, met the irate Archbishop of Canterbury in the corridor of Whitehall. Here was an excellent chance to lift a long face. "Who's the fool now?" he cried. He never had a chance to air his wit in public again. Laud's temper, brittle at best, went to pieces. Never in the Star Chamber had he given himself so black a fame as now. He had this poor relict of other and more spacious days, when even kings could smile at their misfortunes, given a tremendous whipping and discharged from his post. Prynne had his thousands of Puritans for his solace and his feeling of martyrdom; this poor thing had only his twisted brain. And in Prynne's case Laud could claim his severity was for state reasons; here there was no end served but Laud's vengeance. It took an Archbishop of Canterbury at last to write the word *finis* to the history of fooling, to send the last royal clown off the stage of the world. Perhaps here was the last ingredient needed in the dish of Laud's doom. Who knows how heavy the curse of a fool can be?

The answer of Charles and Laud to the people of Edinburgh was a proclamation of the ruin of that city. It should no longer be the capital. An order was sent for the Courts of Session and the Council to remove to Glasgow. The King's commissioner, the Marquess of Hamilton, had had no effect in the North, but then, as Laud notes, he had left London on a rainy day. Laud saw, however, no warning in the tempest that nearly engulfed Lambeth in floods. Remonstrances of the Scottish having had no effect, a general assembly began to sit in Scotland on November 21, 1638. On November 29 a royal proclamation was issued dissolving that assembly under pain of treason; but, being Scottish, it went on sitting. Laud dreamed that he could not find a copy of his service-book in the midst of a marriage.

It was at this critical point that Strafford came forward with one of those brilliant suggestions which were so soon to make him famous. He advised the use of an army on the Presbyterians. He had one all ready. There was nothing like a good pike to make men see the beauty of a liturgy. The King and Laud jumped instantly at his suggestion. The King, though, did not heed Strafford's second suggestion that he should train his army before going to the wars. On the anniversary of his coronation day, March 27, 1639, Charles left at the head of his army to crush the Covenanting rebels. He had Laud's blessing. He had also the regiment that Sir John Suckling, that brilliant butterfly of a Cavalier, had furnished out of his own pocket and so tricked out in scarlet and white that they were the splendidest thing for miles around Berwick-on-Tweed. Sir John's men in their plumed picture-hats rode magnificently about like the Tower lions in their cage, as Suckling himself describes them in a letter, leaving people to imagine what they would do if they got the chance. But one sad day the mad hornets of the Covenanters came suddenly from the North. Sir John, the army, and Charles hurried home at once. The bishops were thrust out of Scotland. The Spaniards and the Dutch came right up into the Downs to hold one of their sea-fights; Laud put down this dishonour to English prestige on the seas as "one of the effects of the Scotch daring." Everything was topsy-turvy. The King rode no more a-hunting. He did not know what to do next.

Strafford, who was in England on one of those visits of his at critical times which were to become a habit with him and who was using Laud's Star Chamber to crush some of the last of his Irish opponents, offered another brilliant suggestion. The King should call Parliament to vote him subsidies for continuing the war. Considering that almost any Parliament would be largely on the side of the Covenanters, this might be considered a sort of *double entendre*. Laud was one of the first movers for the Parliament, with Strafford. If Parliament should prove "peevish" and refuse, Laud and Strafford had other cards up their sleeves, shaped like swords. That word *peevish* was one that Laud was to be sorry for at his trial. A terrible storm descended on Lambeth and broke the beached craft of the boatmen. Two chimneys of the palace went down. They caved in the roof on the bed of one of Laud's servants, who luckily was in London. For his brilliant suggestions Charles made Wentworth Baron Raby and Earl of Strafford, thereby accomplishing two good works at one stroke—rewarding his Irish lieutenant and offending Sir Henry Vane the Elder, who happened to be the owner of Raby Castle, and driving his hotheaded son, Sir Henry Vane the Younger, who had already sucked up irregular ideas in Switzerland and in New England, straight into the arms of Pym and Hampden. He also made Strafford Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. By March 1640 Strafford had an army in readiness for use on Scotch rebels or on any nearer home and, more important to the King, a rather large sum of money he had directed his own model parliament in Dublin to vote.

That year of thunder, 1640, came in for Laud with a dream that was like a glare of chain lightning which shows strange faces beside one suddenly in the dark. Laud dreamed that his father, who had been quiet in his grave for half a century, had come to his palace to stay until he should take his son away with him to the land where there are neither covenants nor the sound of thunder. "I am not moved with dreams," cried the Archbishop, forgetting the eloquence of many of his entries in the *Diary,* "but I thought fit to remember this." It is not a good sign for the dead to walk. There must have been many sheeted figures stirring in that city of Laud's in January of the year of grace 1640.

In April the famous Short Parliament met. Strafford sat in it. It was a model of brevity indeed; it lasted from the thirteenth of April to the fifth of May. Strafford suggested with his customary brilliance that the King invite the Peers to insist that subsidies should come first and the people's grievances afterwards, somewhat as in that famous trial in *Alice's Adventures* where the Queen declared for verdict first and evidence afterwards. There was a hot meeting in Lords. The King and Strafford won a *succès d'estime*. But Parliament was dissolved, Strafford assenting. Strafford continued his suggestions in the Privy Council meetings; Charles should collect funds by force; he should invade Scotland at once; there was a fine Irish army waiting for the word. The name "Black Tom Tyrant" became a street cry in London. But "Black Tom" went sublimely on with the penning of his own death warrant.

Just after the close of Parliament a May party of the surprise kind was held for Laud. But still it was not entirely a surprise, for Laud had had some cannon brought over to keep his visitors from coming too close. It was midnight, and there were half a thousand callers. It was Laud's first experience with a crowd so near and so angry that one could hear them pant. It was an ugly night. He could not get the sound of those apprentices' throaty voices out of his ears. One of these May visitors, Thomas Benstead, was apprehended. He was found guilty of something very fatal at Southwark. He was then hung up for a moment, cut down while his body was still in motion, drawn, and quartered. His four parts were then hung up in public places to remind the citizens of London that there was still an Archbishop of Canterbury. London seemed, however, to realize that fact fully. There were daily if anonymous announcements of it all over the city. Some of them Laud found fastened on his own clothes. He could hardly open his Bible without coming upon one. They had the most amazing titles. There was none of the more prominent devils in hell whose name Laud did not share. The Archbishop started a collection of these broadsides. In the course of a month he had enough of them to make a moderately thick book. He even wrote annotations upon them. He hoped to have some of these authors before him one day in the Court of the Star Chamber where he could speak to them on the quality of their literary labours. He did not seem to realize yet that no court however large could hope to hold the authors who were now interested in him. So he sat in his study unaware of the depth of the clouds that had darkened his day, unaware that he sat in a hostile city, unaware that he who had been the judge had become the judged.

Meanwhile another mob broke into the White Horse Prison and let the prisoners out; and in the North other Englishmen let the Scottish army in. Strafford was suggesting in July that Charles use immediate and despotic action, and he was being rewarded with the Captain-Generalship of Ireland in August; he was taking charge of the English defensive measures against the invading Scotchmen in Yorkshire in September. The King went north again; and at his going there were anonymous cries that now was the time for all good apprentices and ruffians to come to the aid of the Puritans and sack Lambeth. Unbelievable rumblings were rolling over the land.

And in this year of the thunder an almost incredible thing happened. A manifest Puritan lecturer was had up several times before Laud's High Commission and escaped being convicted of his sins, escaped taking an oath—a new and cleverly designed affair called the *ex officio* oath—to turn state's evidence upon oneself and confess one's shortcomings from grace, escaped finally from the High Commissioners' hands entirely, and was cheered to the echo by all London. The name of this remarkable man was Roger Quatermayn. He was so transported with joy at the miracle of his escape that he burst forth into print, though his book, *Quatermayn's Conquest over Canterbury's Court,* was not printed until such a time as made it feasible for an author's name to appear on his title page when his subject was William Laud.

The case made a great stir at the time; a larger and larger crowd escorted Roger on his different visits to the Honourable Court of the High Commission, presided over by the *Lord Archbishop of*

*Canterbury, his Grace, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan.* Good Puritans looked upon Roger as another Daniel in the den of very mighty lions. At his first appearance, in April, Quatermayn was sent for examination into the state of his soul to one Dr. Featly, whose business it was to see that he should swear to the *ex officio* oath. Quatermayn confounded the good Doctor out of Holy Writ and swore to nothing.

At his second appearance, in May, Roger refused once more to take the oath; he was given one more chance. As he was leaving the place, the pursuivant said, "I pray, Mr. Quatermayn, take your company with you, for here be an hundred and fifty Puritants." When he was asked by one of Roger's escort how he could tell they were Puritans, the pursuivant answered, "I know them by their eyes. They look upward."

"Well," said the escort, "there shall be three hundred next court day."

Whereupon one of the honourable judges cried out: "A pox of God on him! if he will not take the oath, we may burn our books!" Roger was making things very difficult for judges who were beginning to discover that a whole city had eyes upon each of their actions.

The Puritan escort was as good as his word, for at Roger's next visit, in June, there were so many Puritans in the antechamber that there was hardly room for the judges to get in and out. Laud was there "with a very stern countenance." But Roger would not budge. Not an oath came from his lips.

The Archbishop would give him just one more chance. "You shall know before I have done that our court is both law and justice," said he, "and that we do not sit here to keep sheep; and I promise you we will not wait upon you no longer than the next court day. And therefore inform yourself and resolve to take the oath; for I am resolved to take another course with you, if you do not."

As Roger and his growing family were leaving, one of the judges declared he was sure Quatermayn was no Puritan; he was too fat to show signs of fasting and prayer. "Where we may take notice," exclaims the keen Roger in his book, "that they are convinced in their consciences that those duties of religion ought to be performed and that those whom they call Puritans do perform them!"

The fourth appearance, in the last of June, was likewise a fiasco. Roger was bound over to the next term, Laud making a great point that he should not run off home now with tales of judges who were cruel and pitiless oppressors. This sort of Daniel was hard on the lions. The rôles seemed to be getting mixed. "And home I went," writes Roger, "accompanied with the saints of God to my house and Mayle the pursuivant like the Devil in the first of *Job* with us."

The fifth appearance proved another fiasco. But at the sixth, on the twenty-second of October, held at the Convocation House at St. Paul's, there was great activity, though it was not on the part of the judges. It seems that Roger's stout and growing escort, to the number now of two thousand as Laud estimated them at first-hand, tore up the court, threw everything about, benches and woolsacks, and filled the city with cries of "No bishops! no High Commission!" There was no mistaking now which was Daniel and which the lions!

Things had come to such a pass that when Quatermayn was arrested two days after for being the ring-leader of the fracas, the man who arrested him took him to an obscure inn in Southwark. "The lords," says Quatermayn, "had given him order that I should not be carried to prison, for the prison would be pulled down and I rescued from him." At the next session sitting on Roger, the Archbishop of Canterbury in despair turned the prisoner over to the Privy Council, declaring he was so intractable that the High Commission would have no more to do with him!

The Lord of the Privy Seal then spoke his mind to Quatermayn: "Quatermayn, Quatermayn, Quatermayn, you keep a fair quarter! You quarter it indeed. You are a Separatist, an Anabaptist, a Brownist, a Familist,—you are preacher to them all, and they all receive quarter from you. And you upon Thursday last raised a multitude of them and made a meeting, and you pulled down the High Commission Court. And no court of justice can stand for you. You will pull them all down, as you were the cause of the High Commission Court pulling down the other day, as we shall justly prove. And you are like to suffer for it, I assure you."

Quatermayn denied everything. He was not a Separatist, nor yet an Anabaptist, nor any of the rest; he had not pulled the High Commission Court down. He then told circumspectly, offering to bring witnesses that he was telling the truth, of all his movements on the sad day of the breaking up of the court, how he had met a friend and talked with him: "Then I left him and walked quite through Paul's all alone, nobody with me, and went into the booksellers' churchyard and there made water against the pales and returned through Paul's"; . . . how he went back to court to wait to be called; "and after a while, people coming in, they made a hemming, hooting, and shouting and thronging into the court and upon myself so that I was forced and constrained to put on my hat to save my belly, and cried unto them, 'Take heed of my belly! you hurt me with your thronging upon me!' And presently as the people shouted, the court began to rise." Quatermayn admitted that he saw some mild evidences of disorder, though: "I saw cushions fly over men's heads and into the dirt, and men kicked them; but who they were I know not." And he naïvely declared that, anyway, it was all the court's fault for being broken up, for all they had had to do was to cry, "Gentlemen, keep silence!" and all would have been well! "But they brake away from the court, and the people followed hooting as birds at an owl!"

Quatermayn having thus declared his innocence of raising the uproar, he next defended himself on the charge of having held conventicles at Watlington and elsewhere. He admitted he had led some hundreds of people in Scripture reading, praying, and speaking; but he did not think that was holding a conventicle, really. His judges tried to get him to say the Scotch were traitors; but they got no more than this from him: "If they be traitors, let them suffer as traitors." The whole session accomplished nothing. It broke up.

In desperation the Privy Council handed Quatermayn on to the Court of Aldermen. Three juries, packed more or less efficiently, as Quatermayn declared, found no bill. And at last, in November, Quatermayn was set free. London was delirious with joy. As for Quatermayn, he celebrated the event by getting a Mr. W. Marshall to cut a fine engraving of Laud from the Lambeth Vandyck for the frontispiece of his book. It shows the Archbishop stricken by the lightning of the wrath of God and in the act of falling. And under the portrait, Roger has obligingly supplied the thunderstruck prelate with an aptly moral valediction:

"Lend me but one poor tear, when thou dost see
This wretched portrait of just misery.
I was great innovator, tyrant, foe
To church and state, all times shall call me so.
But since I'm thunderstricken to the ground,
Learn how to stand. Insult not o'er my wound."

Perhaps it was only now at last, when this one obscure Puritan lecturer had eluded him, that the Archbishop of Canterbury heard the roll of thunder all about him and knew the storm had him in its arms at last. At any rate, it was just after he had given Quatermayn up for a hopeless case that he saw a wristless hand at last writing on his Lambeth wall in the place where the picture of himself by Vandyck had hung, the picture which he loved the best of all the many made of him. "Tuesday, Simon and Jude's Eve, I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life. And coming in, I found it fallen upon the face and lying on the floor. The string had been broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen!"

And just a week later, on Tuesday, November 3, the Parliament that Laud feared, the Parliament that was to bear the name of Long and to go down like a sound of trumpets through all English history, was begun. And then events moved like the wings of the hurricane. On the eleventh the Earl of Strafford, who was attending the Parliament on the King's personal guarantee of his safety and at the same time urging daily that Charles seize upon the Parliamentary leaders and send them to the Tower, was accused in the House of Commons of high treason and put in charge of Maxwell, the Gentleman Usher of the black wand, for restraint. By the twentieth Prynne was on his way Londonwards as fast as horses could carry him. *An he goat came . . . and touched not the ground.* Tombs were opening and saints emerging on every hand. On the twenty-fifth Strafford was sent to the Tower he had proposed for Hampden and his other colleagues. On December second there was a sharp debate that no bishop should as much as sit on even a committee for preparatory examinations in Strafford's case "as accounted *causa sanguinis.*" The edges on all sorts of blades were being ground. . . . There was an axe, for example, on Tower Hill. . . . On the fourth the King gave in and sanctioned the examination of his Privy Council on Strafford's case. Laud was so examined that day. On the sixteenth Laud's canons were branded in the House of Commons as being "against the King's prerogative, the fundamental laws of the realm, the liberty and propriety of the subject, and containing divers other things tending to sedition and of dangerous consequence." The same morning in the House of Lords Laud was named an incendiary by the Scottish commissioners. And on December eighteenth the House of Commons charged Laud with high treason in a sort of blanket charge which would be unfolded in its particulars later when there should be time to work up a really good list of points. Mr. Hollis brought the charge up to the Upper House, arriving just about the same time as the ominous Scottish commissioners were delivering theirs of Laud's incendiarism.

And now the man with the black staff, the Hermes who had conducted Strafford to his last lodgings, stood at the door of Lambeth. He waited for Laud while he collected "a book or two to read" —"and burned most of his privy papers," adds Prynne. The Gentleman Usher waited indeed till the evening, for Laud had seen one crowd too many to wish to be seen going through the streets of London under arrest. He held his last evening prayers in the chapel he had restored so beautifully at Lambeth. He found a peculiar comfort and strength in the last psalm he was ever to read in a church service:

*They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord is my defence; and my God the rock of my refuge. And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off.*

And what said Isaiah?

*I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting*—(though it had been wiser to wait until night on account of the mobs) —*For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. He is near that justifieth me; who will contend with me? let us stand together; who is mine adversary? let him come near to me. Behold, the Lord God will help me; who is he that shall condemn me? lo, they all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up.*

Perhaps Laud was thinking of Mr. Prynne, whose face, which had that curious moth-bitten and unfinished effect, he had seen in the corridor of the House that morning.

Laud writes in his *Diary* that some of his neighbours were gathered at the barge to see him off and to pray for his safety. They were probably the only people in London almost, in the big houses and the little, who were not thinking of illuminating their windows in celebration of the fall of the ram of God. For of a sudden the multitudes fell away from this man who went with a gentleman carrying a black rod beside him, and Laud stood alone on the face of a wide world turned strangely sinister. One there was who might have stood beside him; but he was behind stone walls. The other was as helpless as a petulant and over-dressed child pacing distractedly the galleries of Whitehall. And the storm had William Canterbury in its thunderlit heart.

## *Chapter IX*

## THE TOWER

FOUR days before Christmas Laud was given a fine of £500 by Parliament, as a sort of preliminary to more notable attentions to come, for his part in keeping Sir Robert Howard a prisoner for an indiscretion or so, such as having had children by the Lady Viscountess Purbeck. Laud swore he had done it "for honour and religion sake," but this Parliament seemed to be fast moving beyond both. By the end of another month, word came to the Archbishop that four powerful earls in Lords were not now so sharp against him and were thinking of letting him off with merely his dismissal from the King's Council and the see of Canterbury. "So I see," writes Laud, "what justice I may expect, since here is a resolution taken not only before my answer but before my charge was brought up against me!" Not even yet had Laud discovered that his was to be a unique case in legal history. And this same statement of his on the subject of sentence first and charge afterwards was to be used as another heavy bit of evidence against him at his trial, as a sort of contempt of court before the court existed.

But Laud's charge was ready for delivery from the House of Commons to Lords, by the hands of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, in a month more. And it was quite a detailed one. Many minds, some of them notably Scottish, must have worked late and hard on it to get everything in. There were fourteen points to the catalogue of Laud's achievements. Laud was responsible for all the ills the kingdom was suffering under and would suffer under; he had given bad advice to the King and had made him suffer; he had given bad advice to judges and bishops; he had done his best to upset the laws of the nation, to overthrow justice, ruin the courts, ruin the church, ruin the French and Dutch Protestants in England, ruin Scotland, and ruin sober preachers who made their bread and butter a-preaching; he had tried to bring the English Church under the heel of the Pope and to set up superstition; he had made a tyrant of the church, of himself, of the King, almost, though this, of course, was no aspersion on his Majesty at all; he was a briber, oppressor, a threatener, a believer in the absolutism of kings, but also a believer and practiser in the absolutism of the church; worst of all, he had tried to destroy Parliaments from the first month of Charles' reign; he was a thorough scoundrel and a lost man. And the men who had drawn up Laud's catalogue of crimes put into the fourteenth and last point anything else they could think of, that might be thought of hereafter, or that might need extra emphasis: "He went about to make division between the King and his people and hath gone about to bring in innovations, as by the remonstrance may appear, and induce the King to this war, and many men upon their death-beds he persuaded to give towards the maintenance of this war and hath caused many clergymen to give freely towards it, and brought in many superstitions and innovations, as in the Church of Scotland, and now procured the King to break the pacification and to bring in a bloody war." Laud writes that he spoke something to this charter of grievances. But a decade would have been needed to do it full justice. It was like trying to justify the ways of man to God in an afternoon. It was like preparing a paper on the sins of man from the Original to this morning's.

Immediately after this bill of achievement had been properly filed with Lords, on March 1, 1641, the Archbishop was asked to move his belongings to the Tower. It was not fitting that one with fourteen so momentous charges to his name should lodge privately. So off Laud went in the Gentleman Usher's coach to lodge in the house that had been as the withdrawing chamber of his two courts for lo, these many years, where Prynne had resided, and Burton and Bastwick and Bishop Williams, and where Wentworth, whom the London wits in their lighter moments were now calling Want Worth, was now living in a style as unlike Ireland's as could be. This time the Archbishop of Canterbury did not avoid a demonstration from his growing public. From Cheapside on to the Tower of Julius Caesar it was like driving through living walls. And the walls sent up a voice that shook the very panes. There was a song, to the tune of *All ye that cry, Ohone, Ohone*, or the *Wandering Soldier:*

"As by fair London's Tower I walked,
I heard a prisoner make great moan;
And thus unto himself he talked,
Good God! from me all joys are gone.

"Oh England, England, I confess
That an ill shepherd I have been,
I sought to bring thee in distress,
Lord Jesus Christ, forgive my sin!

" 'Twas I that lately made a way
For Popish wolves to suck thy blood,
'Twas I that should have been thy stay
But ever did more harm than good."

It was hard to single out faces in this wall of hate, but Laud thought he saw one that had ears that were little better than mere stubs.

"Like Icarus I soared high,
And with the wings of flame I flew,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
Mine honours bid me all adieu."

The coachman seemed to be in no haste. And he really had no call to stop at one place where there was hung up what seemed to be the bony part of a man's leg. The crowd seemed very anxious that Laud should notice it. Benstead?—where had he heard that name before? There was no escaping the vile noise. "I thank God," wrote Laud that night, "he made me patient!" For one who had worked all his life for order this hour was like a crucifixion. Arrived at the Tower, there was a confusion about rooms; it seemed they had chosen for the Archbishop of Canterbury the room that Bishop Williams, Lord Keeper, had formerly occupied. But Canterbury would have none of it. Another had to be found. This was no time for low wit.

After his arrival at the Tower, Laud heard that there were some who regretted that the repairs on Paul's would go slowly, now that the Archbishop had been committed. He also heard the answer which Lord Brooke made thereupon to the effect that, far from being sorry for that, he only hoped he should live to see at Paul's not one stone left upon another. The Archbishop set that wish down in his *Diary* for future reference. There was still a God in heaven to have an ear for such blasphemers. *He shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness.*

For the next few months Parliament, having put Laud in a place of ready reference, paid but little further attention to him. There was a more pressing business at hand. That was the trial of Strafford in late March and April. This was the social event of a brilliant and crowded season. Everybody was there who mattered. Prints of the affair show every bench in Westminster Hall taken. There were larger crowds outside than at the coronation of

Charles. No earl cared to miss a moment of the proceedings. London waited with bated breath. The Scotch were on tenterhooks. The situation was fraught with potentialities. There was Strafford, guaranteed safe by his King, being tried for his life; there was the army—not a very enterprising one, but one with lots of colour—with a lot of free time and good horses in the North; there was that other better army keen as hawks in Ireland—and there were boats; there were any number of peers that would count treason itself nothing if by convicting Strafford of treason they could see him kneeling on Tower Hill. There were, of course, charges brought against Strafford. But they were considered secondary to the matter of the sentence. Since practically all the ills of the time had been laid upon Laud, it was unavoidable there should be a great deal of repetition: the Earl was a tool of the Pope, he had stirred up enmity between the Scottish nation and the English, he had improvised new oaths against the law, he had fined and imprisoned honest men, impoverished the kingdom, and broken up Parliaments. But there were one or two purely local charges assigned to Strafford in which Laud had no share; he had acted like a king in Ireland, and he had starved Irishmen for the want of flax and other materials. And as the trial crackled its electric course along, hidden behind a screen and hanging upon every word spoken, sat Charles the King. Henrietta Maria sat with him at first. But she had more important engagements among her mirrors and her powders, and tired early of the affair. Prince Charles stayed longer. But it was the King who listened to the end. Who knows but he may have heard behind the thunder of these orators the sound of the rising of another storm that might concern himself? Who knows but he may have remembered the Bible story of another king whose countenance was troubled by strange words written over against him on a palace wall?

The trial had not been going on long when there was a most dramatic shift in developments. It was early seen that the Earl was in such fine form in defending himself that he might interfere seriously with the verdict that had been arranged. So a sudden bill of attainder was passed by the Commons on April 21. A discovery of a court plot to save Strafford by means of Irish and Dutch troops led the Lords to pass the attainder also on May 8. The King had helped matters along by his attempts to interpret Strafford's offences as misdemeanours rather than actual high treason. The Scottish commissioners had to leave early, and that fact had its weight. A Presbyterian in a London with a royal army outside would have been a Presbyterian with a small prospect of longevity. Clearly the thing to be desired was speed. And Strafford, whatever faults he had had, acted so much the honest man and the Cavalier to boot in wishing sincerely to save his country bloodshed and civil war by sacrificing himself to the course of events that clearly there was only one thing to do. And that was to make the necessary arrangements on Tower Hill. So Charles signed the warrant in tears on May 10. And the next day but one was set for Strafford's death.

So on May 12 Laud had a farewell to make. Strafford, refused the request to speak with his earthly maker on his way to meet his heavenly, knelt on the cobbles to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury's blessing from a window set with bars. Two great princes, and they now met thus! Two men who a few months ago had felt a nation like clay in their hands! Laud raised his arm; he moved his lips. But the silence of great bitterness laid a hand upon his throat, and no blessing, no words came. Strafford rose and passed on to doom. Laud made a kind of farewell, after all. He threw his hands aloft and fell back in a swoon on the floor of his room. In that gesture he said farewell to the state he had laboured to build.

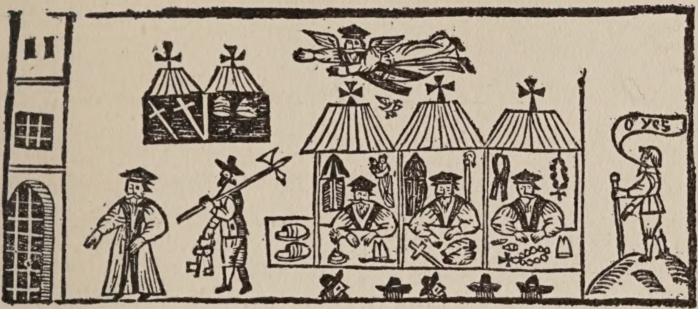
It was not enough that a farewell cursing of Laud for his ruin should be attributed to Strafford. A very obliging anonymous orator wrote out a farewell speech in the Tower for the Earl, in which the man about to die made a full and free confession of all his many sins and pointed all sorts of morals on the vanity of his gifts and learning and wealth: "More precious is want with honesty than wealth with infamy. For what are we but mere vapours which in a serene element ascend high and upon an instant, like smoke, vanish into nothing! . . . For what hath now the favour of my

Prince, the familiarity with my peers, the volubility of the tongue, the strength of my memory, my learning, my honours, or offices, . . . what have all these profited me?" And the orator, warmed to his dramatic opportunity, went on to attribute to the plain-speaking and unliterary Earl a height of purple figures, comparing himself—that is, of course, the Earl—to a cypress tree great and tall but without fruit, to Jonah cast into the sea, to Icarus scorched by the sun, to the foolish man who built his house on the sand, and to the great and proud fallen ones of story, Nimrod, Pharaoh, and Belshazzar! It is small wonder that some Cavalier was so moved by all this that he wrote in Anthony à Wood's copy of this flight of fiction the words, "Beware, reader! this son of a b—, the composer of the following speech, has imposed upon the world by calling it my Lord Strafford's. Hang him for a spurious Roundhead monkey!"

Strafford did make a farewell speech, but on the scaffold. And it contained so plain and noble a leavetaking of a complex world that one can almost pardon the Earl for everything his strong arm did and for the shifting of colours there was in his life. He went into the dark like a man: "As for my death, I do here acquit all the world and beseech God to forgive them. In particular, I am very glad his Majesty conceives me as not meriting so severe and heavy a punishment as the utmost execution of this sentence. I do infinitely rejoice in it and in the mercy of his, and do beseech God to return to him the same, that he may find mercy when he hath most need of it. I wish the kingdom all prosperity and happiness in the world. I did it living, and now dying it is my wish. And I profess heartily and do humbly recommend it to you and wish that every man would lay his hand on his heart and consider seriously whether the beginning of the people's happiness should be written in letters of blood. I fear they are in a wrong way. I desire God that not one drop of my blood rise up in judgment against them." Having finished, Strafford, practical to the last, stooped down and tested the block to get the feel of it. He then signalled the headsman. . . . And there were now only two of the three men of destiny left this side of the shadow.

A month later Laud had a second farewell to make. This was to the house he had built beyond the reach of the years. On June 28, he sent a letter up to Oxford: "My present condition is not unknown to the whole world yet by few pitied or deplored; the righteous God best knows the justice of my sufferings on whom both in life and death I will ever depend; the last of which shall be unto me most welcome in that my life is now burdensome unto me, my mind attended with variety of sad and grievous thoughts, my soul continually vexed with anxieties and troubles, groaning under the burden of a displeased Parliament, my name aspersed and grossly abused by the multiplicity of libellous pamphlets, and myself debarred from wonted access to the best of princes, and it is *vox populi* that I am Popishly affected. How earnest I have been in my disputations, exhortations, and otherwise to quench such sparks, lest they should become coals, I hope after my death you will all acknowledge. Yet in the midst of all my afflictions there is nothing more hath so nearly touched me as the remembrance of your free and joyful acceptance of me to be your Chancellor and that I am now shut up from being able to do you that service which you might justly expect from me. When I first received this honour I intended to have carried it with me to my grave; neither were my hopes any less since the Parliament called by his Majesty's royal command committed me to this royal prison. But sith, by reason of matters of greater consequence yet in hand, the Parliament is pleased to procrastinate my trial, I do hereby as thankfully resign my office of being Chancellor as ever I received that dignity, entreating you to elect some honourable person who upon all occasions may be ready to serve you; and I beseech God send you such an one as may do all things for his glory and the furtherance of your most famous university. This is the continual prayer of *Your dejected friend and Chancellor, Being the last time I shall write so, W. CANT.*" It was the irony of the stars that the man whom Oxford University chose as Laud's successor, the Earl of Pembroke, was the one who was to move in the House of Lords that Laud be condemned to die.

"Abused by the multiplicity of libellous pamphlets."[1]—If Parliament seemed to neglect Laud during the year 1641, the public did not. The printers of London were having the busiest year they had ever known. More men who had never before essayed Pegasus were mounting the winged horse this year than any other before. It was a year of amateur satirists, Juvenals of Cheapside. Amateur songwriters were legion. Some were even trying their hands at first plays. No one will ever know how many English box-wood trees went down to furnish amateur gravers with the ploughland for their gouges. Builders of anagrams were busy night and day. And the burden of all the song was Archbishop Laud. The new prisoner in the Tower was the most popular subject of the seventeenth century. For one thing, his methods had had just that arbitrary and subtle touch that gave an exposer of them the freest rein to his fancy. One could imagine Laud had been working for almost anything. For another, Laud's face was an easy one to draw. Put a square cap above a pair of wide-open eyes and delicately drawn moustache and imperial, add a pair



Prelates' booths, Laud being led to the Tower

From *Lambeth Fair*

of lawn sleeves—and there you had his Grace to the hair. This army of bards of the broadsides and pamphlets was anonymous; but they were well organized; they seem to have borrowed one another's cuts and one another's phrases. Before the year was very far along they had gotten a substitute for *Anno Domini;* they were dating their publications *in the Year of our Prelate's Fear, 1641,* and when this year was done, the formula changed merely to *the New Year of our Prelate's Fear.* The Archbishop's collection of *Laudiana,* begun during the last years at Lambeth, must have grown enormously in the Tower. But he could no longer annotate the items; they had grown to too many folios.

The orderly and sensitive mind of Laud suffered agonies over the crudities of these sheets. These writers were so untutored in their cruelty! The Earl of Strafford was hardly cold in his grave before here was his ghost, looking very woebegone indeed in its sheet, coming to break the Archbishop's sleep and remind him of better days behind and worse before:

"I know, my Lord, when you was in your prime,
You'd not have kept your study half this time.
Oh no, my Lord, you then enjoyed your pleasure,
Your betters then would stand and wait your leisure. . . .
But now you see the matter's altered quite,
They bid you show the utmost of your spite.
And yet, my Lord, it is not many years
They durst to use such speeches for their ears.
My Lord, as I unseen pass through the streets,
I see the multitudes of paper sheets
Sent from the press, and thus they cry them still,
*Come buy a book concerning little Will!* . . .
In every place where men abroad do walk
*When dies the Bishop?* thus they use to talk;
All which, my Lord, would be but nine days' wonder
If once your head and shoulders were asunder.
Alas! my Lord, why are you loath to die?
You have offended full as much as I.
What, fear you meeting Benstead's ghost in hell?
Why, he's in heaven for aught that you can tell,
And if he be in heaven, yet never fear,

It may be long ere he do meet you there. . . .
On London Bridge you may behold a head,
How much is't worse than yours when once you're
dead?
And others more, my Lord, you put in danger
Who feared the rack more than they did the manger."

And so on. And the Archbishop, unable to bear up under his sins, turned his face to the wall and made up a wretched anagram on his name, "Wall, vild am I," or "Wall, I am vild!" And another broadside, with the same cuts of Laud and Strafford, represented the Archbishop as having one of his dreams of glory only to be brought back to the present by the voice of the dead Earl:

"In conclusion there must be
A rope for you, an axe for me. . . .
Look, look abroad, can you now see
No patent, no monopoly?
Are all your projects, all your fine
Devices sick as medium wine?

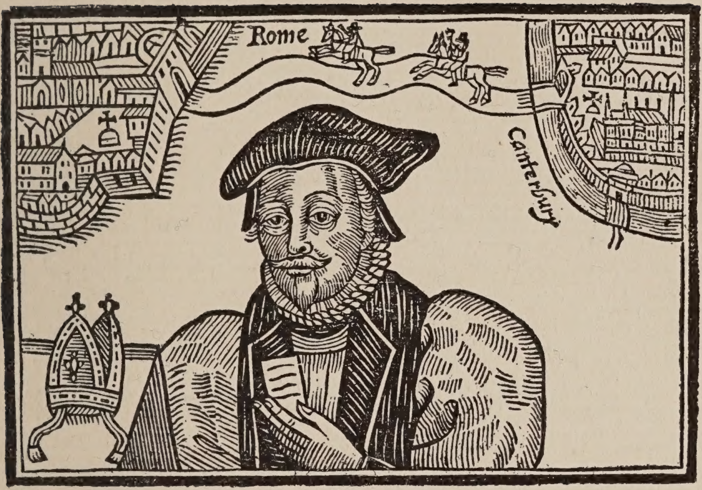
Can now no more Laud's lawless might
The parson from the pulpit fright,
The subject from the kingdom? What
Could ruin do which you did not?"

Others even burst forth into song to the tune of *Merrily, cheerily:*

"Though Wentworth's beheaded,
Should any repine?
There's others may come
To the block besides he.
Keep thy head on thy shoulders,
And I will keep mine.
For what is all this to you or to me?

*"Then merrily and cheerily
Let's drink off our beer,
Let who as will run for it,
We will stay here."*

The charge of Laud's Popery was considered excellent song material:


Rome
Canterbury

Canterbury to Rome

From *Canterbury's Conscience Convicted*

"Some say he was in hope
To bring England again to the Pope,
But now he is in danger of a rope,
Farewell, old Canterbury!
  Alas, poor Canterbury!"

*Lambeth Fair* had a large circulation. It had cuts of the bishops, all in their little booths, selling out Laud's Popish trinkets.

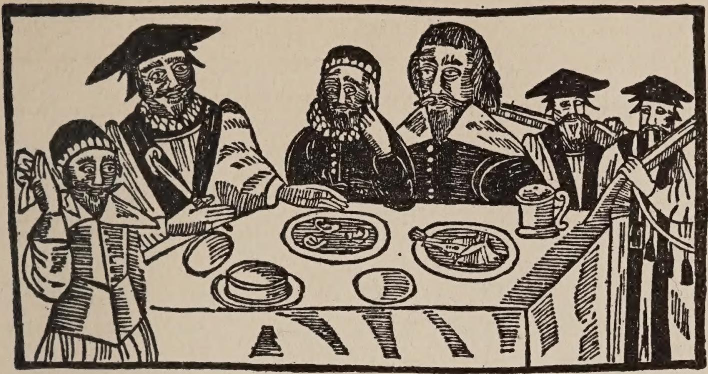
*"Oyez, Oyez, I do cry*
*The bishops' trinkets, who will buy?"*

The master of the fair was not able to be present because of another engagement. In a separate cut one sees Laud being taken to the Tower cage. So the bishops had to do their best without him:

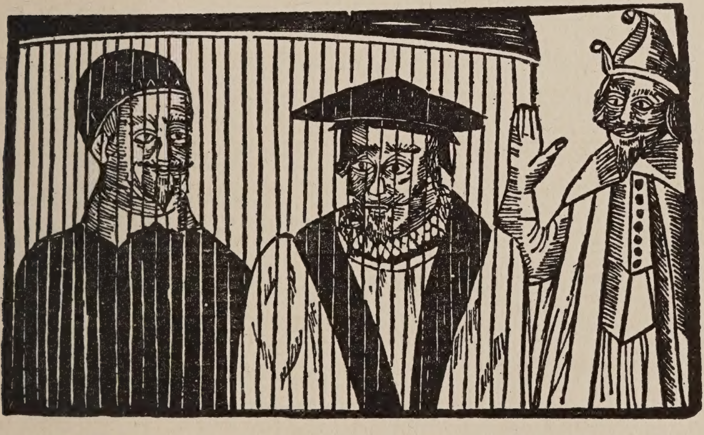
"With extended voice they all did cry,
Come, customers, see what ye lack and buy.
Here's vestments consecrate, all sorts and sizes
You may have here if you will come to the prices.
Buy fairings for your children, here are toys

Fit for your purpose, be they girls or boys;
Caps for your boys to hurl into the air
And beads for girls are here in Lambeth Fair.
What though these robes were first devised in hell?
Tush, 'tis no matter, we'll good pen-worths
sell. . . .
Come buy lawn sleeves, I have no money took,
Here, try them on, you'll like a bishop look. . . .
Come buy my crozier staff, another begins,
'Tis excellent to keep dogs from your shins."

By such cheap mummery did the popular mind commemorate Laud's life-long work to make the house of God lovely with vestments and music and stately ritual. A favourite cut was one representing the Archbishop on horseback crossing over a bridge that joined Canterbury fast to Rome. One zealous pamphleteer was good enough to write a letter for Laud to the Pope in which Laud catalogued all his unsuccessful attempts to bring England back into the fold, described his ruin by Parliament, his expectation of the death he so richly deserved, and ended by telling the Pope how sorry he was that he



Burton, Laud, Bastwick, Prynne, and two bishops of the Star Chamber Court armed with muskets. On the table are served up the ears of Burton, Bastwick, and Prynne



Laud caged with his confessor. Archy Armstrong, the royal Jester, stands by applauding

Both from *Canterbury's Change of Diet*

had failed! One did not have even to be consistent when writing of Archbishop Laud as the agent of Rome. For years to come he was to be the stock bogeyman of English Protestants.

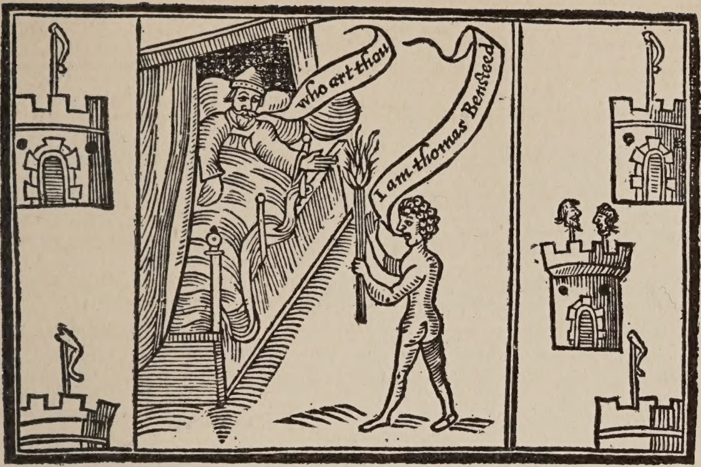
Each new day had its latest libels. Laud was recanting all manner of things. He was giving his last advice to his brethren of lawn sleeves to remember his ruin and repent. He was twisting his name into all sorts of anagrams, cryptograms, sermons, and ciphers to prove himself thoroughly vile. One author, cleverer than the general rank and file, discovered that the numerical values for the letters in the Archbishop's name added up to 666; therefore Laud was clearly the Beast of the *Book of Revelation*, XIX, 20. And all this in verse. This pamphlet, *Mercury's Message*, brought an indignant answer, also in verse, from one of the rare sympathizers with Laud. Even Canterbury's few adherents suffered from a lack of perspective. Another author had a dream in which he saw a chair being kept vacant for "Archy" in hell. Another author drew a prose parallel between Cardinal Wolsey and Laud. Still another did as much in verse that is so flat with the moral that it ranks as a masterpiece in its kind:

"Greatness with goodness seldom meet,
He is not always good that's great.
Where wit and grace each other greet,
That makes a gentleman complete.

"That Cardinal, Wolsey by name,
Did build his honour on the sand
And brought himself at length to shame
That once had all at his command.

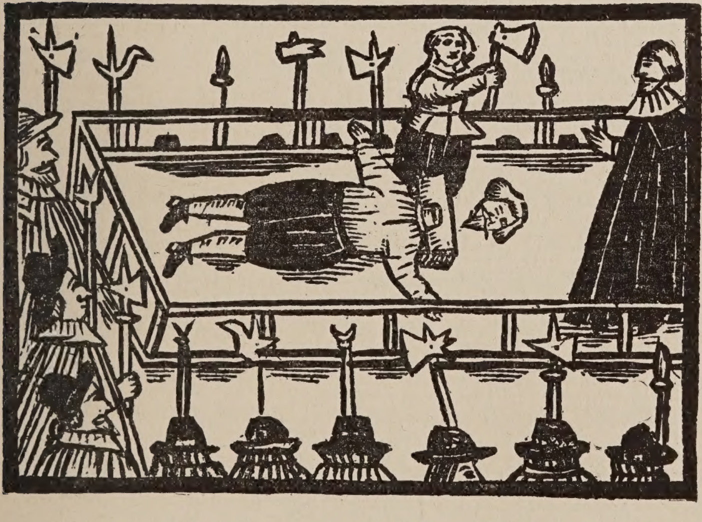
"I sometimes was almost as great,
I only lacked a hat and staff,
But now I'm fallen from my feet,
And every child at me doth laugh.

"So farewell, world and glorious name,
Vainglorious name without desert,
Farewell, vain pomp and idle fame,
Now I from you am forced to part."


who art thou
I am thomas Benstead

Benstead's Ghost

From *Canterbury's Amazement,* 1641



The Execution of Strafford

From *A Short and True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Wentworth,* 1641

Was William Prynne cultivating the muse again? Archbishop Laud was probably the inspiration for more bad verse at that time than any of the more universal subjects such as life and death and love. Somebody finally wrote a *Canterbury's Pilgrimage;* it was strange that no one had thought of so taking a title before. One of the crudest of all the pamphlets is *Canterbury's Change of Diet,* a play, in pictures and words. The Archbishop is pictured as seated at dinner with Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, and a platter of ears, perspectiveless as anything in a Byzantine church sculpture, rests on the table. So much for act one. Act two shows a carpenter holding Laud's nose to a grindstone with the carpenter's small son turning the handle. Act three presents Laud and a Jesuit in a cage and the King's jester standing by in laughter. And so on. But the crudest of all is the pamphlet *Canterbury's Potion,* in which a physician prescribes an emetic for the ailing prelate which makes him disgorge a book permitting games on Sunday, the Star Chamber sentence of Prynne and his friends, a book of canons, a paper giving "tongue-tied doctors" benefices in the country to preach in once or twice a year, "3 ounces of tobacco, 3 scruples of pillory powder, 1 scruple of his brains that looked over London Bridge, and 3 handfuls of the herbs gathered by the apprentices, wrapped in a High Commission roll and boiled in a pottle of holy water, to the third part, and strained through a pair of lawn sleeves." The tobacco is a memorial to Laud's work on the trade commission. When at last a mitre is disgorged, the doctor flees with the cry, "Nay, if the mitre be come, the Devil is not far off! Farewell, good my Lord!"

But some printed sheets there were which, for all the crudity of their drawings and their literary style, may have aroused other emotions than wrath in the lonely prisoner in the Tower. There were heads talking together in the night on London Bridge. Benstead's ghost was walking and chiding the Archbishop in an ominous black-letter with being responsible for his four quarters being hung up, the prey of birds, in the four quarters of London. Such things may have suited too well with the dreams that came to this sleeping fallen prince lying helpless in a world that was sinking into ruins.

Laud heard the sounds of falling things everywhere. In December of 1641 the Archbishop of York and eleven other bishops were sent to join him in the Tower on the charge of high treason. They had dared to protest that they did not dare to come into the House to vote, for peril of their lives. In January, 1642, King Charles was defied by Parliament in his famous attempt to apprehend the five members who were making the House of Commons a bed of thorns for him. In February, Lords voted that the bishops should have no vote there, Commons having already barred them. "Great ringing for joy and bonfires in some parishes," notes Laud. He heard the songs in the streets:

"Then let all good people take courage indeed
So that they from Antichrist's yoke may be freed;
And seeing that liberty's gained by the Scots,
Let Englishmen seek for't, it may be their lots.

"Then join hands together and fear not their
wrath
But cry down the prelates and spew out their
broth."

This month, too, the land was filled with the noise of departures. The Queen was off for Greenwich and Holland; Charles saw her to the sea he would never cross to safety. It was the hour of twilight for Cavaliers. There were sudden farewells, footsteps in haste on midnight cobbles, faces that did not turn back towards the London that lay like a growing shadow under the moon. It was the time of bonfires. The kingdom was coming.

"Since that Finch and Windback
First crossed the seas
To shun some great danger
It's thought they foresee,
There's many hath catched
The running disease.
But what is all this to thee or to me?

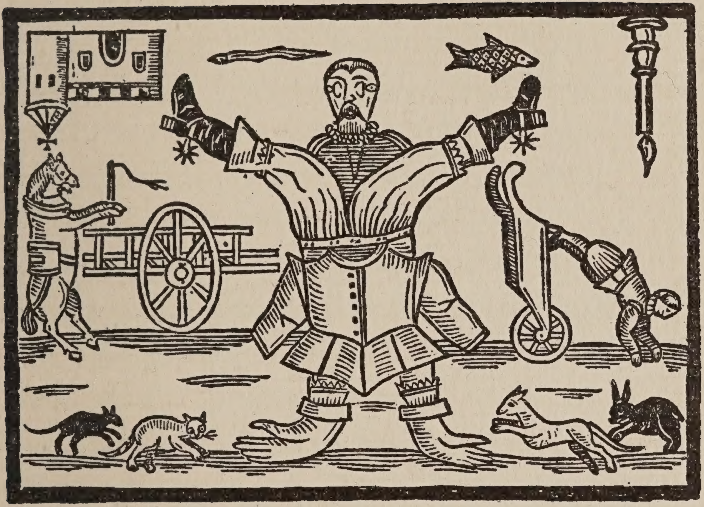
*"Then merrily and cheerily*
*Let's drink off our beer,*
*Let who as will run for it,*
*We will stay here."*

In March, Laud broke anew the old sinew of his right leg whose breaking years before he had listed among his crosses. When he could move out of his chamber for the first time in two months he had hard work to get to church between his man and his staff. And he regretted going, for he furnished the text for the sermon. "One Mr. Joslin preached," writes Laud, "with treason sufficient to hang him in any other state and with such particular abuse of me that women and boys stood up in the church to see how I could bear it. I humbly thank God for my patience." So the circle was complete. He who had been preached against at Oxford, when the world was all to make, was now again being preached at in London, while the world he had made lay in shards. Alpha and Omega, wrath to wrath.

In August, Parliament searched Laud's palace for arms. They smashed open doors and searched every room. It was given out in London that arms for ten thousand men had been found. This was mere malice. There were only some cartloads, not quite enough for two hundred men. For an archbishop this was a trifle. And they left to defend the residence of God's servant only a pitiful six swords, six carbines, three halbreds, and two half-pikes. Here was hatred indeed!

The whole country was topsy-turvy. Things were inside out, and wrong side to. The servants were ordering the master about; the people were directing the state. Many people felt the situation keenly, as well as Laud. John Taylor, the "Water Poet," burst forth into iambic wrath on the subject in a tract entitled *Mad Fashions*, or *The Emblems of These Distracted Times;* and he had an eloquent frontispiece to illustrate his points:

"The picture that is printed in the front
Is like this kingdom, if you look upon't.
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a transformed metamorphosis.



Frontispiece of John Taylor's *Mad Fashions*

This monstrous picture plainly doth declare
This land quite out of order, out of square.
His breeches on his shoulders do appear,
His doublet on his lower parts doth wear;
His boots and spurs upon his arms and hands,
His gloves upon his feet, whereon he stands.
The church o'erturned, a lamentable show,
The candlestick above, the light below,
The cony hunts the dog, the rat the cat,
The horse doth whip the cart, I pray mark that,
The wheelbarrow doth drive the man (Oh base!),
And eels and gudgeons fly a mighty pace.
And sure this is a monster of strange fashion,
That does surpass all Ovid's *Transformation*."

That Summer the King's standard was set up at Nottingham. A nation lay in two halves. Laud heard the footfalls of London train-bands under his window, sounds of soldiers marching in his dreams. Before many days there were Englishmen coming trussed like fowls in carts to London, and other Englishmen spat on them and railed at them because they wore under mud and blood the uniform of their King. Strafford lay asleep; he had not lived to see English blood on English hands. Some men were fortunate in their doom.

The weary months dragged on. An Archbishop of Canterbury lay forgotten, save for ballad-mongers, for the time. More important things were in the air. There were pikes to grind, swords to clean, muskets to get in order. The events which a life of single devotion and determined will had set in motion hurried on and left their maker in the backwater of the Tower. This agony of waiting was a part of martyrdom.

"Thou, since thy afflictions first began,
Mak'st Diocletian's days all calm and sun,
And when thy tragic annals are compiled,
Old persecutions shall be pity styled,
The stake and faggot shall be temperate names
And mercy wear the character of flames.
Men knew not then thrift in the martyr's breath
Nor weaved their lives into a four years' death,
Few ancient tyrants do our stories tax
That slew first by delays then by the axe,

But these Tiberius-like alone do cry,
'Tis to be reconciled to let thee die."

In September of 1642 William Laud had still one more farewell to make. This was the hardest of all. To say farewell to life itself would have been far easier. On the first of the month bishops and deans and chapters were voted down by Parliament. That night London had a light like a glory all about it from a thousand bonfires. All the bells of all the churches rang out the news that the church was undone. Laud's work of a lifetime lay in dust, the work of men before him, the work of a thousand years. The Church of England, of Augustine and Chad and Aidan, of the proud mediaeval princes of God, of Ridley and Latimer and Hooker, the church that had lifted kings to their thrones, the church Laud himself had built higher and prouder and stronger than ever it had been before. O night of doom! Laud's heart's blood turned to water. This night saw the end of all. The rest was a troubled dream, a walking through great ruins to the grave. He heard as in an evil dream the news that his own Canterbury Cathedral had been grossly profaned, that soldiers had broken into Lambeth chapel and smashed the organ and glass. One night in a real dream he heard that Parliament was removed to Oxford; he dreamed that some old courtiers came into the Tower and jeered at him; he dreamed he was in Oxford, in St. John's, and he found the roof gone from the college, the walls cracked and ready to fall. "God be merciful!"

The evil months marched on. Lambeth palace was being turned into a prison for captured men of the King. They came to Laud for his keys. Laud's young dun horse was taken from him by warrant under the hands of Pym and others. But there came a day in March, 1643, when he who had been the blazing Laud of old could set down in holy joy the news that Lord Brooke had been killed at Lichfield in the very moment he was charging the close of the cathedral. His beaver had been up, and he had been armed to the knees; so it could not have been a musket that had struck him down; it was the hand of Providence. There was a just

God behind the clouds. "Thus was his eye put out, who about two years since said he hoped to live to see at St. Paul's not one stone left upon another." *He shall bring upon them their own iniquity.*

That same March there came to Laud in his sleep the dream that a warrant had been issued to free him. It was all so real that he dreamed how he spoke to the Lieutenant of the Tower that his warden might keep the key of his lodging till he had gotten some place for himself and his things, since Lambeth was not vacant yet. Not once but twice he had this vivid dream. Here at last was one dream that was not to come true. There was no more chance for such a warrant to come than for the King to ride into London. This is the kind of irony that kindles the candles which shine for a moment at the end of the tragedies of the world. It was thus that Romeo had a presentiment that all would end in happiness just before he went into the darkness; so Troilus felt an unexplainable joy surge over him as he waited at the gate in the twilight for the Criseyde who would never come.

As if in an ironical fulfilment of his dream that same month a rumour came to Laud that he was to be sent with Bishop Wren as a delinquent to New England within a fortnight. It was all arranged who should take him. A Mr. Wells, a New England minister, was ready and eager to be Laud's chaperon. It was through Laud's efforts that Mr. Wells had taken up his residence in New England. The man had now returned to take the Archbishop out to the place he had done so much to populate these ten years. This was a Puritan idea of revenge. Laud protested violently, arguing that after so long an imprisonment such a banishment would be cruelty. He was grown heavy with his years and his failure. New England was the place for younger men, like Mr. Wells. A month later Laud was glad to set down the fact that the whole thing had come to light as a malicious plot of Wells and other Puritans. The House of Commons rejected the motion. They had more than Boston in store for William Laud. And Boston had lost a strange citizen who might have moved through its young streets with the eyes of a king whose throne had been lost and with the step of a man out of a tragedy. Boston had lost an archbishop, as Boston was to lose also a Poet Laureate, Davenant, who got actually on his way but was taken and brought back to the cradle of Prynne's muse, the Channel islands, where he could compose his tragic poem *Gondibert* and wait for the sunshine to return.

The *Diary* hereafter is a cataloguing of quick disasters. On May first Lambeth is defaced, on May second the cross in Cheapside is taken down, on the ninth all Laud's goods are seized and he is put under closer restraint, on the sixteenth Parliament disposes of all his benefices, on the twenty-third the Queen is voted a traitor.

And on the last day of May came William Prynne and the end of the *Diary*. Parliament had finally decided that it was time to pay more attention to Laud, and they knew the right man to send to gather the right sort of materials. They gave Prynne a warrant to search the Archbishop to his pockets. Prynne came like an angel of the Apocalypse at four o'clock in the morning, with ten musketeers with pieces ready cocked. Laud himself wrote that he could think only of his Saviour when Judas led in the men of swords and staves. Whatever defects as an essayist and dramatic critic and poet Prynne may have had, he had an eye for the dramatic touch in real life. Laud was in bed. He rose and put on some clothes after Prynne had finished rifling them. Prynne took from the Archbishop twenty-one bundles of papers he had prepared for his defence, letters, the fatal Scottish prayer-book annotated by Laud, the *Diary,* and Laud's *Book of Devotions.* Laud tried hard to keep the last; but Prynne was set on seeing what incriminating evidence passed between Laud and God. Prynne found some money; but left that. But he was careful to turn out every finger in a bundle of gloves. The Archbishop saw a chance to vent some of the wrath pent up in him; he offered Prynne a pair of the gloves with the statement that he need not fear it was a bribe since he had done all the mischief he could. Prynne thanked Laud and calmly pocketed the gloves. Insults were lost on Puritan saints.

But there were further delays. The months slipped past while Prynne "hammered out something." In July, a synod of divines, created by Parliament, began to sit on the matter of reforming Laud's church: "The greater part of them Brownists or Independents or New England ministers, if not worse, or at the best refractory persons to the doctrine or discipline, or both, of the Church of England established by law, now brought together to reform it. An excellent conclave!" Laud was sure that his church never could be bettered; he was sure it could be made worse. In August, troops were killing and maiming women who had crowded London streets to cry for peace, writes Laud. Parliament sent an answer to Laud's petition to have copies of the papers taken from him, permitting him to have them if he would pay to have the copies made. "Wonderful favour this, and as much justice!" cries Laud; "my estate all taken from me and my goods sold before ever I came to hearing. And then I may take copies of my papers at my own charge!" In the last months of the year Laud was had up before Parliament for preliminary hearings. As one of those subtle ironical touches that marked Laud's last years the Mr. Wells who had tried his best to get Laud for a neighbour in Boston came to him in the Tower on the day forever memorable for the slaughter of the Holy Innocents to ask him if he had repented of his many sins!

## *Chapter X*

# WESTMINSTER HALL

AND now at last on March 12, 1644, began the trial to which William Prynne had dedicated his life, three years of very special labour, his hopes of heaven, and his lost ears. The history of this great business, running from March through July and the aftermath of it into the months beyond, Laud himself wrote in his *History of the Troubles and Trial of Archbishop Laud*. The title of this work is a misnomer. The business was mostly troubles and not trial, in the legal sense, that is. The student of legal history will get little light from it. In fact, the judges themselves, at the last, were scrupulously careful to put themselves on record that the case should not be considered as establishing a precedent. But students of human nature will learn a great deal from it. The whole matter is so voluminous, though, that one can do little more than glance at some of the high lights. Laud's account of it grew to a folio. Even then he complains that he had been stinted for time in his defence.

There were many mistakes in the trial. The chief one was Laud's. He should never have defended himself at all. Silence would have been the best answer to the charges brought against him. Laud did think seriously of not undertaking any defence. He claims it was his desire to abide by the laws of the land and to protect his innocence from malice that decided him to go on. It was more likely Laud's wrath when he saw that William Prynne was in charge of the preparation of all the evidence for the prosecution. Here was a man twice censured in the Star Chamber, with ears twice clipped, directing the prosecution of an Archbishop of Canterbury! It was too much for William Laud to stand. He had not much left from the wreck of his life. But he had his wrath. All his life he had fought. He would go on fighting to the end.

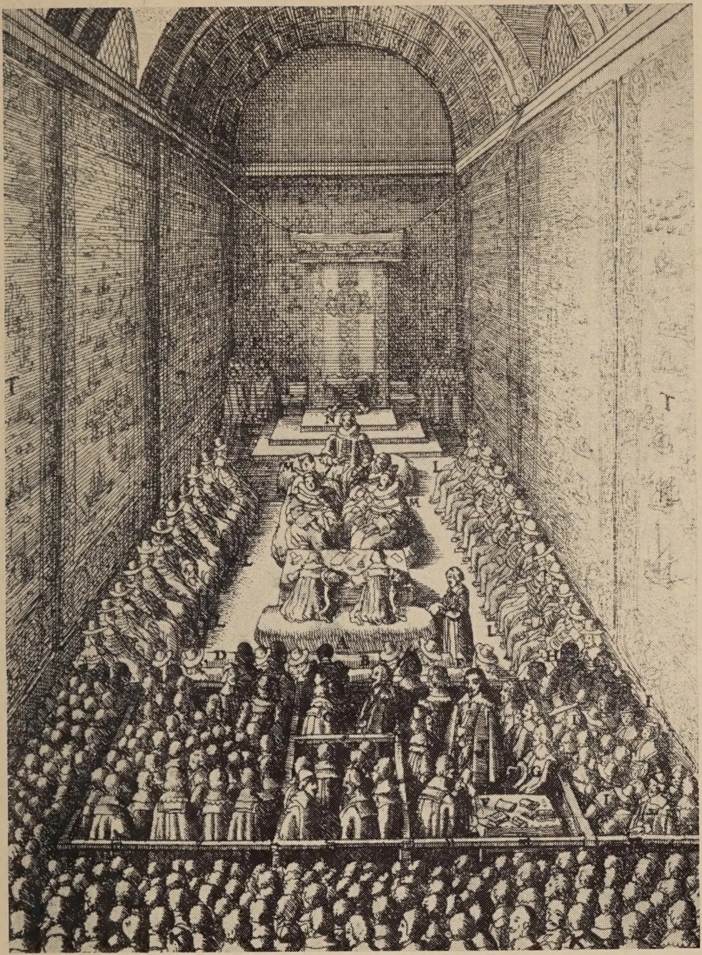
The trial began with a flourish. Serjeant Wilde introduced the accused to the Lords. Westminster Hall had seldom heard such an orator take flight. He said that if all the history of treason were lost and there remained no definition of it, this man before them would amply supply the deficit and serve to introduce again that crime in all its heinousness into the world. *Nullus poeta fingere*—there was no poet in all literature who had the words to describe this man. There was a lot of Latin in the speech. Laud was the cause of all the troubles in the state, guilty of "treason in the highest altitude," he had introduced transubstantiation and purgatory into England, pictures of Christ in glass windows, Sunday sports, cardinals, canons, loans, the ship-money, a king above the law. He was Naaman, a great person, one must admit, but a leper. Laud was nearly choked with rage. He could hear in all this oratory, he writes in his book, nothing but the cries of a hawker in the London streets. But unwisely enough he did not say as much to the court; he made the mistake of making a serious *apologia pro vita sua.* This so enraged many that a Mr. Peters, a minister, came near assaulting him in the committee room after he had withdrawn. Hearne, Laud's counsel, had to separate them.

This auspicious beginning was an earnest of the whole exhibition of rancour and inconsequence. Oratory everywhere was allowed to get in the way of what few facts there were to talk about. The floor of Westminster Hall was littered with split hairs. The most trivial points were given hours in the charges and the answers; the most important were hurried over and lost in minutes. The absurdities in the prosecution were so profound that any attempt to answer them reasonably resulted in absurdities still more so. It was such a trial as one in which a man's life might depend on whether or not he had denied that the Pope was Antichrist. No one could possibly disentangle a theological point from a legal one; no one tried to. Theology and politics, aggravated by personal prejudices, made such knots of the case that all the legal minds of the kingdom could not have untied them in twenty years.

Laud was horrified at the outset to see the ingratitude of two young men to whom he had shown some favours. There they were turning over the reams of evidence that Mr. Prynne had amassed. "I leave them both," he wrote, "to do the office which they have undertaken and to grow up under the shadow of Mr. Prynne, God knows to what!" Mr. Prynne, though for some months he had been conducting a sort of school for his witnesses, made a terrific muddle of the business. People took the stand ready to swear that white was black and ended by calling it grey. Memories were uniformly poor, including Laud's. Laud could not, for example, recall whether or not he had put a crucifix on the altar at the coronation. Prynne had made a mess of the *Diary*. Many of the pages near the close were burned, as if by a hot iron. Laud took advantage of this fact to declare that Prynne had maliciously destroyed evidence in his favour; whereas the truth probably is that Prynne could have done a far more artistic job, judging from his printed version of the book, by burning pages here and there rather than a large number in one place.

The trial was not nearly so well attended as

Strafford's. To be sure, there was a civil war raging some miles away, and there were many peers whose appearance in Westminster Hall would have been a warrant for suicide. But Laud felt that more lords could have come than did, even at that. There were more of them present when the prosecution had the floor than when the defence held forth. There was only one lord with a perfect record of attendance throughout the trial; that was Lord Gray. But he deserved no card of merit; for being the Speaker he had to be there in order to make a house! Most of each day was used up by the presentation of the charge. Then what little time was left, after about two o'clock when that was finished, Laud was allowed to have. He was given two hours to prepare his line of defence; but his counsel was not allowed to assist him until after he had made his reply. Laud was not permitted to have his witnesses sworn; the Lords could believe them or not as they chose. The members of the committee for the prosecution had a chance at rebuttal in Laud's precious and few late afternoon hours. The day ended at about half past seven.



Laud's Trial, by W. Hollar, 1644

Key: *A,* Laud. *B,* The Gentleman Usher with his black rod. *C,* Lieutenant of the Tower. *D,* Laud's counsel. *E,* The clerk that read the evidence. *F,* The table where the books and papers lay. *G,* Members of Commons. *H,* Burton. *I,* Other witnesses, Mistress Bastwick among them. *J,* Prynne. *K,* Auditors. *L,* Lords. *M,* Judges. *N,* The Speaker of Lords. *T,* The "hangings of '88," commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada

The affair dragged on into the heat of the Summer. Laud weary to death with his many hours of labour went back each night by boat to the Tower with his shirt as wet to his back "as water could have made it," had he fallen overboard. He was old and discouraged. But his wrath kept him alive. Mr. Nicolas, "a right spider" of a man, one of the committee for the prosecution, was on his feet every other moment to address Laud as "pander to the Whore of Babylon"; "Not remembering all this while," cried Laud, "which yet I was loath to mind him of, that one of his zealous witnesses against the 'Whore of Babylon' and all her superstitions got all his means, which are great, by being a pander to other lewd women and loved the business so well as that he was not long since, men say, taken in bed with one of his wife's maids. Good Mr. Nicolas, do not dispense with all whores save the 'Whore of Babylon'!" Laud was not exactly angelic in his attitude in his trial. But he was so incensed with Mr. Nicolas that he threatened to stop his defence if Mr. Nicolas' favourite vocative were not discontinued. That would have meant disaster to the prosecution. So Mr. Nicolas had to proceed thus crippled.

Had the prosecution stuck to the dreams and the portents in the *Diary*, something clear might have been established. Prynne had made capital of these. What if his picture did fall on its face, Laud cried, was he guilty of that? And suppose he did have dreams of disaster— "Dreams are not in the power of him that hath them but in the unruliness of the fancy, which in broken sleeps wanders which way it pleases and shapes what it pleaseth." But it was impossible for Laud in such a trial as his to preserve such a sensible attitude towards dreams and omens for long. So one finds him going on at great length to prove that the dream Prynne represents him as having had as a young man at Oxford, that dream of his great rise and sudden fall, is falsely ascribed to him. He never dreamed he was hanged; therefore that dream cannot help to hang him! He declares that he told the Earl of Pembroke once that that dream was a fiction. But now, seeing the Earl has so short a memory and has forgotten Laud's telling him that, well, may God forgive his Lordship! And it is not Laud's heat over this matter that alone leads one to believe that perhaps the Archbishop was the one who suffered from brittleness of memory; it is Prynne's own literary character. That the author of *Histriomastix* could have produced such a gem of literary art as that fatal dream seems hard to believe.

But Prynne was nevertheless to produce a dramatic flourish at Laud's recapitulation of his case on September second. The first thing the Archbishop saw when he came to the bar that day was a folio in a blue cover in the hands of each lord. This was Prynne's printed and carefully edited version of the *Diary*. It was a veritable knotting of the noose about Laud's neck. Prynne intended it for such, and in the eyes of such a house as William Laud was facing it was such. The day after the close of his recapitulation Laud's nose bled, as it had bled long years ago at the death of the Duke of Buckingham. Unfortunately Prynne was not present to collect this latest instance of a prophecy of doom.

Between portents and Popery, the trial had established practically nothing, as one sees it now, of the case for treason against Laud. The Archbishop's defence had established nothing also. It had been a spirited one, though. Even Prynne had to acknowledge that, to give the Devil his due: "He made as full, as gallant, and as pithy defence of so bad a cause as it was possible for the wit of man to invent, and that with so much art, sophistry, vivacity, oratory, audacity, and confidence without the least blush or acknowledgment of guilt in anything as argued him rather obstinate than innocent." The very fact that Laud had defended himself boldly was proof conclusive to Prynne that Laud was an upholder of the Church of Rome since the Church of Rome is boldness itself. Had he been an English churchman, he would have conducted his defence with meekness.

Things were at an impasse. And yet there was a war raging beyond London that was Laud's making, his and the stars' and William Prynne's. There were charges by which Parliament could long ago have established that this man in the Tower must die. There were any number of accusations they might have thundered against him, and he would have stood up proudly and answered *guilty* to each. And the agony of the trial would have come to a sudden end, the members of Parliament could have turned their energies to meddling again in the management of the army, and William Prynne would have been cheated out of the fruits of years of research. They might have accused Laud of building a strong church at a very fatal time for strong churches, of making that church a part of the state as never before, of using the edge of a sword in his methods from first to last, of having been a shepherd in purple in the day when shepherds should have gone in grey, in a day when purple was the colour of doom. But straightforward and simple charges such as these were beyond the discovery of such small and narrow brains as Prynne's and Nicolas' and Wilde's.

Yet there was everywhere in London the conviction that this man must die, case or no case. In October a petition to that effect spread like wildfire through the city. Laud writes that a Parliament man had said that the Archbishop was an old man now, and it would be a happy thing both for him and for Parliament if God should have him for his own. During his trial citizens of London had been heard to declare that Laud must suffer for the honour of the House. "Be he never so good," declared another Parliament man, to whom Laud had shown some kindness, "we must now make him ill for our own sakes." And all these voices spoke the truth. It was necessary that Laud should die. He and the Long Parliament were things that could not stand together. He or the Cause must go. He was the sacrifice demanded by the times. He was the ram of God that must take away the sins of the world.

So through a sorry set of makeshifts Parliament moved to the verdict that had to be found. The oratorical Wilde made a helpful suggestion. While admitting that Laud's guilt was largely a matter of several misdemeanours, the misdemeanours taken together amounted to "treason by accumulation." "As if you were to say that two hundred black rabbits made one black horse!"—But this was only Hearne, Laud's counsel, who felt this way about the matter. The Commons were convinced that Wilde had solved the problem. On November 13, 1644, the House of Commons passed a bill of attainder against Archbishop Laud. The Lords, however, hesitated. There were some of them who may well have wondered if they should be the next to stand in Laud's place. So they sent for all the documents and reviewed and deliberated the matter. The successor of Laud as Chancellor of Oxford, the Earl of Pembroke, was all for quick action, however: "What, shall we think the House of Commons had no conscience in passing this ordinance? Yes, they knew well enough what they did!" The Earl was so violent on this occasion that one wit declared that if ever he lived to see Bedlam in possession of a parliament, he would see to it that this Earl should be the Speaker. On January 4, 1645, six peers in the House of Lords voted that Laud should die.

And now the Archbishop of Canterbury could lay aside forever the *History of the Troubles and Trial.*

One thing more Laud did. He could not remember that any of the martyrs had been hanged. He got his sentence changed from hanging to beheading, though the House of Commons held out against it for two days. They were loath to see the son of a tailor of Reading die like the peer that he was.

Just before the end on January tenth a paper was put into Laud's hands by a messenger who had come stealthily in the night. When Laud broke the seals and unrolled it, he found a full pardon with the great seal of England upon it from Charles the King far away in Oxford behind a wall of pikes. So the King whom he could not save, not he nor Strafford nor any man, forgave him for the ruin of his life. Praise God for his mercy! Through his last night in the ruined world the Archbishop of Canterbury slept with the King's pardon clutched in his hand.

## *Chapter XI*

# TOWER HILL

LAUD stood in his last pulpit. He looked out over the largest crowd he had ever preached to. There was no standing room left between his platform and the walls of the houses beyond the square. He had upon his head his skull cap of red. The colour of princes set him apart from the people. He felt the solemnity of the occasion. He had his own funeral sermon to preach.

Laud had written the sermon out, for he was an old man now, and his memory was growing brittle. A sermon, of course, was expected on such an occasion. *In articulo mortis* the sermon was the becoming thing. For this was the age when Donne, Dean of Paul's, on a bed like to have been his last, deserted by his servants, his mind full of fever ramblings, with the passing bell of others tolling out to remind him that he also must die, wrote his *Devotions,* after the manner of King Hezekiah, on the stages of his disease. This was the age when another great seventeenth century spirit, who looked upon himself as a captain of the Lord, sat down to prove that he had a right to divorce himself from an incompatible wife by citations from the Bible and the law of the polygamous patriarchs. This was the day when members of Parliament had their Bibles by them ready to furnish themselves with holy munitions for their battles over budgets and charters. This was a day when the Bible was the golden book of life still, the last book for failing eyes to see before the shadows came.

Standing up straight with his eyes clear and calm Laud read the sermon he had carefully prepared. It was not a great sermon. Even here he was not to find wings. Not even the prospect of an imminent and cruel death could make a great sermon writer of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The speech was filled with the examples of the Egyptians swallowed up in the Red Sea, of the children in the fiery furnace, of

Romans and Pharisees, of saints, Alphege, Simon Sudbury, Stephen, and Paul. It had the usual authorities. Once Laud referred to the preaching of the Puritans as the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and in Bethel. Even at the edge of the grave he could not forget his enemies. He also told the people that God could be very terrible when he was making an inquisition for blood, especially the blood shed by the poor in oppression. Laud was simple, direct, and sincere, but he was not eloquent. He protested his innocence of treason. He made the business of his life as plain as a business man could make it. He was brief and to the point. But standing there and reading the words so many had read before him and running over the commonplaces of devotion, Laud felt raised up, as he came to his conclusion, by the sanctity of his situation as he had never been elevated before. A practical man all his life, a builder, not a dreamer, for the last few moments he felt the lift of the spirit. The colour of the sunset touched him until he, too, was one of those men who could feel still in that day a human dignity great enough to lift them to the side of the ancient prophets, great enough to make their woes crosses to raise them beside the Saviour; holy men, sanctified men, lifting themselves and their agonies up for the sins of the world. Lambs of God. . . . *Forgive them, for they know not what they do.* . . . Dying for a nation, giving great, last warnings, wise and forgiving in the solemn sunset:

"And that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom, O Lord, I beseech thee give grace of repentance to all bloodthirsty people. But if they will not repent, O Lord, confound all their devices, defeat and frustrate all their designs and endeavours upon them which are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of religion, the establishment of the King and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of Parliaments in their just power, the preservation of this poor church in her truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws and in their native liberties. And when thou hast done all this in mere mercy for them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness and with religious, dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. So amen, Lord Jesu, amen. And receive my soul into thy bosom. Amen."

Laud knelt and said the Lord's Prayer. As he prayed, he became conscious of a sound of jeering which, beginning on the outskirts of the crowd, moved over the masses towards his pulpit. But he rose calmly and closed his ears to the sound. It was easy to die. He knew his great part like a book. It was all like a stage, this scaffold where his great and proud teachers, the shepherds of the church, had acted their parts before him. Out beyond the years of this confusion the great applause was waiting. Out beyond these faces, in this city, in the cities to come, beyond these triangular, pale patches of venom, there would be other faces turned up, faces full of light. For he had built a church too mighty and lovely to lie forever in the dust. St. John—*his* St. John, whose name he had put into good Shotover oak and a green Oxford garden—no, he had not been a bishop, though he had been beheaded. St. Cyprian, Archbishop of Carthage—yes, that was the name to remember. *Cyprianus Anglicus* he!

Laud's hand did not tremble as he handed his papers to Dr. Sterne. He spoke the sentences he had rehearsed. He could hear his own steady voice: "Doctor, I give you this that you may show it to your fellow chaplains, that they may see how I went out of the world." He turned to the man he had noticed taking down his address. He must make sure the fellow felt his responsibility to the solemn hour. "I beseech you, let me have no wrong done me." And when the man swore he would do his best and called down God's blessing upon him, the Archbishop added, "I thank you. I did not speak with any jealousy as if you would do so, but only as a poor man going out of the world it is not possible for me to keep to the words of my speech, and a phrase might do me wrong."

Now he could face the thing that had been at his back as he had been speaking. The dozens of people who had crowded upon the scaffold gave him a last magnificent chance for the gesture of a proud and calm man. "I thought," cried he, "there would have been an empty scaffold, that I might have had room to die. I beseech you, let me have an end of this misery, for I have endured it long." The people drew back. Laud saw the thing. A structure of wood with two notches that came so nigh meeting that only a narrow bridge was left. But so low to the ground! One must grovel on all fours. One had expected to kneel. Here was an end of dignity. Awkwardly on the hands and knees! The blood flamed suddenly in Laud's cheeks. He felt the scaffold and the city under it turn. Miserable device! —humiliation upon cruelty! If one could only have knelt!

But the world ceased turning after a moment. Laud kept his eyes upon the thing. There were signs of use on the wooden bridge. Perhaps another as well-tended imperial as his had rested there. Strafford had been as fastidious as he about his cheeks and chin. It would be very like these wretches to use a thing such as this twice. Had they not tried to force him into the Tower room where Williams had lived? The Archbishop could not repress a sudden chill that ran through him to the marrow. One had, he supposed, to make certain preparations. . . . Ruffed collars were out of place here. "I will put off my doublets," cried he, surprised to hear his voice break at last, "and God's will be done!" He hastened to raise his words to their former calm. "I am willing to go out of the world." That sounded still weak. "No man can be more willing to send me out than I am willing to be gone." At last his voice had the old ring.

Then the stage rolled up into nothing before the Archbishop's eyes. The drama ended. He forgot his part. It came home to him suddenly where he was. The anesthesia of martyrdom thinned and drifted into nothingness. *Cyprianus Anglicus* became William Laud, a proud man about to die against his will. . . . For there were chinks between the boards in the platform, and he saw wolfish eyes looking up at him. Must the ragged wretches creep even in under him? He could see the pores in their unwashed skins. One, with a less cruel expression, wore a white collar. Laud remembered the nature of what was about to happen to him. His whole fastidious being convulsed with nausea. He who had loved the feel of lawn-cloth sleeves—must his physical part come into contact with such vermin? He cried out to have the people under the platform removed. He implored them to bring earth to stop up the cracks. No one heeded him. Someone in the vast crowd started a ribald song. It was caught up and spread about him in tremendous volume:

"Since no Canterbury
Nor old woman's tale
Or dissimulation
Will credited be,
The Popish supporters
Begins for to fail.
But what is all this to thee or to me?

*"Then merrily and cheerily*
*Let's drink off our wine,"*—

"My innocent blood . . . upon the heads of the people! . . ."

*"Keep thy head on thy shoulders,*
*And I will keep mine."*

There was to be no dignity here at the last, after all. The vile broadsides of the past years had turned to voices around him. The sustaining solemnity of Westminster during the greater part of the trial had given place to this cheap uproar of a fair. Were there no soldiers here?—They were singing, too! The last words of a martyr lost in the braying of asses! He who should have had about him the grave drums of doom!

Doubtlessly in the vast crowd around Laud there were many fierce and upright men who looked upon this spectacle as the dignified judgment of God. These were the men who were to die sword in hand twenty years later in the forlorn attempt to take the Regicides' heads down from the pikes set up on London buildings, the men who would perish with the cry, *The Lord Jesus and their heads upon the gates!* men who would expect Christ to come and save them even on the scaffold. But most of the people Laud saw walling him in were of the race of Benstead, apprentices ready to tear down anything that stood for authority, demolishers of windows and smashers of doors, idle and fickle spirits ready to turn a revolution into a riot, ready to kick a sick lion. And these were the men who would crowd London streets within twenty years and kneel in their multitudes upon the pavement and drink the health of the returned King in delirious joy. These would stand and cheer when the bodies of Ireton and Cromwell were hanged in their shrouds, when other asses kicked the dead lions of the Commonwealth.

Might not a martyr die in peace? Laud's cheeks were suffused with passion. "See!" the hoarse voices beat upon his ears, "he has painted his cheeks so we may not see his paleness!" Dogs, dogs, as he had always known them to be!

Beside Laud a mockery of a minister was baiting him with theological questions: "What is the comfortablest saying a dying man would have in his mouth?" The fanatical preachers beside him to the end!

Laud replied to the man, "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*"—

"*Memento mori,*
I'll tell you a strange story
Will make you all sorry
For our old friend William,
Alas! poor William!

"There's another of the same litter
Whose breech cannot choose but twitter,
He was against all goodness so bitter,
'Twas the Bishop of Ely,
Alas! poor Ely!"

Perhaps all martyrdoms had been like this, really,—a Bedlam, not cold and terrible wrath.

"There must be a foundation for that divine assurance," the fanatical Puritan persisted.

"No man can express it, it is to be found within," cried Laud. No one was listening, no one could possibly hear for the din. His voice was beaten back upon him.

"It is founded upon a word," his tormentor hissed in his ear, "and that word should be known."

"That word is the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and that alone!" Then seeing his adversary preparing to speak again, Laud turned away from him to the masked headsman and thrust money into his palm. "Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and do thine office upon me in mercy!"

The jeers rose like the wind as Laud knelt. The axeman bade him to give the signal when he was ready. "I will," cried the Archbishop, "but first let me fit myself." He prayed.

And now sick and afflicted, a feeble old man kneeling defeated in the ruins of all that he had built, brought as low as his dreams had warned him he should fall, Laud took off his red cap and lifted his voice for the last time. . . . It was as if a miracle had been performed, as if his removing of the last vestige of his once so great authority had taken pride and wrath at last from his heart. With that red cap the burden of the blood he had shed was taken from his head, the ears of Prynne and the others. With it went the colour of purple from him, the arrogance and pomp that had made his foes cry out upon him as the minion of the Scarlet Woman of Rome on whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Pilate, the toga of the Caesars. Humility had come late. It had waited till the day of ruin. But now it came with a great peace. Anger fell from Laud. He did not hear the silence that had come like a sudden cloud over the mob around him. He was speaking now, not to the Star Chamber, not to judges, not to princes, not to the rabble, but to God. His sentences, so often having the ring of authority, the consciousness of learning and of ability in controversy, became simple now and direct and golden. Defeat had turned into victory. He had fought a good fight in the only way he could have fought it, the way of a prince born to the purple. He had followed his conscience, the conscience of a king. What faith had been his he had kept. He had finished the course. Now he laid down the sword. He left the verdict to God. The old centurion had found meekness at last on the edge of the grave:

"Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to thee. But it is but *umbra mortis,* a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature. But thou by thy merits and passion hast broke through the jaws of death. So, Lord, receive my soul and have mercy upon me, and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ his sake, if it be thy will."

Laud finished, went down upon his hands and knees, and put his neck upon the notched block. He made the signal. His head fell at one stroke. As if to refute the malice of the enemies who had vowed he had painted his cheeks, "His face," wrote his pious biographer Heylin, "ruddy in the last moment, instantly after the blow turned white as ashes." If William Prynne had had any part of his ears left, they might have burned at last. *Cyprianus Anglicus,* after all!

It was the pious Heylin also who declared that the sun broke through the clouds of that lowering day, as it burst on Stephen standing in the Sanhedrin, just as Laud uttered his last words with his head lying on the block, "which made him look most comfortably—that I say not gloriously—but presently, as soon as the blow was given, withdrew behind a cloud again and appeared no more." Heylin, however, was not there to see this sudden glory; he was in Oxford with the King. But he had it on good authority from London, "though it be otherwise reported in their weekly pamphlets." Laud's enemies did not wish to leave him even the consolation of the sympathy of nature for a great and dying man.

Archbishop Laud was buried in the liturgy of the church he had lived and died for. If there had been no high treason in his life, there was in his death. For it was high treason then to bury a person by the Anglican service. After the entry of Laud's burial in the register of All Hallows Church a word has been erased. It ended in the letter *r*. Traitor or martyr? That depends on which heat directed the writing or the erasing. Calm has taught men that the latter comes closer to the truth. Twenty years after, in the day when crowns had been set back on heads and houses, Laud's body was removed from Barking

Church under the shadow of the Tower; Laud came home, as he had desired it, to the Oxford which he had cherished and which he, more than any other, had built into the glory which it is. So he lies at the heart of a living monument. And for his other monument there is George Herbert, there is Jeremy Taylor, a lamp in a quiet evening and a flame upon a mountain. There is more than these. There is the very fabric of the Anglican Church.

# EPILOGUE

IT was midnight of January 29, 1649. A king who was to die on the morrow lay behind the curtains of his bed sleeping soundly. Sir Thomas Herbert, kinsman of the poet, was tossing on his narrow pallet beside the royal bedstead. He turned this way, he turned that; he groaned; he knotted the bedclothes. A cock crew far away. It was a bitter cold night. The single taper burning high up in its silver sconce guttered suddenly and burned blue. The restless companion of the King fell quiet at last. Everything was still as the stars.

And then, faint at first but growing louder with each rap, there came three knocks upon the door. Sir Thomas sprang to his feet at one bound. The King sat up in bed and drew back the curtains. The two men looked at one another in the dim light. Charles told Herbert to open the door. And this

Bedever of a newly passing Arthur obeyed. The great oak swung on its hinges. There stood William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was wearing all his pontifical robes. They gave forth a glow like dead wood in a dark forest. The Archbishop's face was calm but pale as washed linen. There was a sort of mark like a red cord about his neck. He seemed not to turn his head but his body only. Sir Thomas stood without a word, his eyes burning upon the Archbishop. The King had gone as pale as death. Laud seemed to move without a sound or movement of the feet. He was at the King's side. The two were withdrawn and stood in the window alcove. Two faces dead-silver in the dimmed light. The pale stars sprinkled the panes over their heads. There seemed to be the sound of words. Then Charles the King looked pensive, and the Archbishop sighed once, twice. Laud was moving away. But he tried to keep his head turned upon his royal master, tried to bow. . . . But he fell prostrate on his face and his head—ah, horrible to see!—

And Sir Thomas Herbert was sitting bolt upright on his bed, his left hand clutching over his mouth, his right arm thrust straight out before him with opened palm. Thank God! it was only a dream! But his whole body quivered as in a terrible wind. He could not get the dream out of his mind. Would this man of dreams never be quiet? must he come to haunt the sleep of other men?

In the morning King Charles asked Sir Thomas why he had been so restless in his sleep. The nobleman told him his dream. "But Laud is dead!" cried Charles. "And yet," he added quickly, and a shadow fell across the deep waters of his eyes, "had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely indeed, albeit I loved him well, I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh!"

And the King arose, put on his clothes, and went out to join Strafford and Laud in the grave.

The doom was woven and done. The trefoil pattern was complete. The cloth was folded up for eternity.

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